SMITH's POEMS OF CONTROVERSY

BETWIXT

Episcopacy and Presbytry:

Being the Substance of what past 'twixt him and several other Poets;

As also,

Several Poems and Merry Songs on other Subjects:

With some Funeral Elegies on several Noblemen and Gentlemen.

In two Parts.

By *Robert Smith* School-master at *Glenshee.*

Never before Published.

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SMITH'S

POEMS

OF

CONTROVERSY

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE WORLD.

THE *moſt part of Mankind being Ambitious to be in the favour of the great, makes my Ambition of the Superlative Degree, in ſeeking to find a great Patron for the following Piece. 'Tis therefore,* O Great World, *ſince thou art a Compound of Vanity, (and a* Jupiter *for greatneſs,) I have preſented thee with this Child in thy own Likeneſs, it being the worthleſs off-ſpring of one that is ſprung of thee; it being ſo like thy ſelf, I could not in Juſtice Dedicate it to any other.*

Tho' I have choſen thee, a great Patron, yet ſure I am, I cannot ſay, I have found thy large and Bounteous Liberality Manifeſted to me, what I get is from the Divine Hand, and therefore I render thee no Thanks.

Tho' I ſeek thy right ſide, I am ſure to find the wrong: Thou haſt more Faces than Janus, *and Eyes than* Argus, *and 'tis as eaſie to get out of* Dedalus Labyrinth, *as to pleaſe thee; and as there are few that pleaſeth thee, ſo there are as few that are pleaſed with thee.*

'Tis, thou art that great Idol loved by All, but ſpoken good of by none: For my own part, I have little or no Cauſe to ſpeak good of thee,

and far less to love thee, but among the number of my other Enemies.

The most part of Mankind, whom thou smiles upon with a Joabs *Dissimulation*, and a Judas *Kiss*; 'Tis only to cheat them out of more than thou can give them, or make their end worse than their beginning: They court thee with Carefulness, keep thee with Diligence, and are forced to part with thee for the Remorse of a too late Repentance.

Indeed we oftentimes pretend to hate thee, but 'tis because thou lovest not us; But when we come to be try'd by the Touch-stone of Death, then we Manifest our Love to thee, by our loathness to leave thee: But this Unwillingness proceeds from a fear the next be worse than thou, or from the too great likeing we had to thee, in the short Days of our uncertain Pilgrimage.

I expect but little or no favour from thy greatest Votaries, whom thou hast made thy Chamberlains, who will (rather than part with a little of thy Gold) Starve and Damn themselves, in Purchassing Magnificent Estates to their Eldest Sons, which perhaps some of them will exhaust and expend in making an Union betwixt their Souls and the Cooling Grapes of Spain, and at last fall a Sacrifice to Bacchus Immortal Deity: On whose Tombs this Inscription may be Inserted,

The

The Fathers Liv'd in Miserie,
The Sons they Swim'd in Bowls:
The first were Damn'd for Knaverie,
The latter Drank their Souls.

I intend to present none such with a Copy of my Book: But in spight of thee, O Great Idol, *there are some* Catholick *Spirits, who Live above the Allurements of thy smile, and affrightments of thy frowns, who are the well-wishers of* Apollo, *whose Hearts are neither joined to thee, nor become Baggs for thy rusty Gold: 'Tis from such that I expect Friendship, because I have seen that once Glorious* Parnassus, *where* Apollo *was wont to be Venerat; Though my feeble Strength was never able to climb that Glorious Mountain, nor take a full Draught of it's Superabundant Sweet Water, whose streams are less hurtful (but more Healthful) to Mortals, than the purest Blood of the finest Grapes; for it neither makes them have sore Heads, Sick Hearts, nor empty Pockets; for there are few that are Liberal to Poets.*

O World, thou hast for the present, cast my Lot far from the Muses Plowmen, and those who are, and have been Exercised, in those Glorious Fields and Delectable Soil of the Garden of Apollo.

But in spight of thee, I have that which will keep me in mind of the Renowned Parnassus, *to wit,*

wit, the High bending and Sky kissing Mountains of Athol, *whose Illustrious Prince may be Termed,* The Mirror of Mankind, and the Darling of Humane Race, *in whose Praise, none can commit an Hyperbole; whose Seraphick Soul soars far above the Love of thee (O World,) he is too Wise to be Tempted with thy Vanity, or blinded by thy Gold; he's a Lover of* Apollo, *but none of* Bacchus *Votaries, and may be called the Poets* Patron, *and the Muses Friend:*

A Prince (most Great) of many Lands and Hills,
From whose High Tops the Silver sand distills;
His Noble Soul each Noble Virtue fills.

He is such a Friend to the Muses, that if every one according to their Respective Stations were like him, the Poets would once more throng Parnassus, *and Flourish their colours upon its once Glorious, but now Deserted Tops; and Inhale Lively draughts of the* Heleconian *Fountain; The way to which is scarcely sought for by the Discouraged Spirits of this Age.*

Thou deals to the Poets for the most part with a scrimp Hand, tho' to others with a Bountyful Arm: Thou deserves their Satyrs, better than their Elogies; their Hatred, rather than Love: thou was excluded out C---ts Prayer, and shall never share of the small Praise that my Tongue or Pen is capable of.

Tho

Tho' I have Dedicate the following piece to thee, yet I am ſure to meet with leaſt Friendſhip from thy neareſt Relations, and greateſt Lovers, they'll never give me ſo much as will pay the Printer, or conſider Paper Taxations: However, this is the Touchſtone and Characteriſtical mark to know thy Friends from my own.

If any think I ſavour too much of Love to thee, let them blame the Printer, who will readily tell you, that all Trades muſt Live.

I come now, O World, to make my Apologie for preſenting thee with the following Peice, thy own likeneſs as to the part of Vanity: When I wrote the ſame, it was never in my Thought that it ſhould be Expoſed to the Publick view of thy harſh Criticks; but being adviſed by ſome, tho' none of thy Lovers, and conſidering Democritus *can laugh, as well as* Momus *can carp, I have therefore ſent it to thee and them; part among you, for one ſhall not have all.*

Lanch forth, Lanch forth, into the World my Muſe,
And for thy Maſter *Robin* plead excuſe,
Who lives among the Mountains of *Glenſhee*,
But had far rather ſometimes be with thee:
Go ſearch & try the World where e're thou finds,
Atholick Spirits, or kind Stralochlike-minds.
Go now diſtinguiſh Miſers from Good-fellows,
And know thy Maſters Friends in great *Apollo's*!
To ſuch I ſend thee for a Recreation,
Whom Fame Reports the Darlings of the Nation.
And if ye ſmile upon my Ruſtick ſtrain,
I may hereafter come to Write again.

Glenſhee Decr. 15*th.* 1713. *Robert Smith.*

TO THE READER.

Candid Reader,

SIR Philip Sidney, *that admirable Orator and Learned Poet, (in his Defence of Poetry) may ſerve to juſtifie that excellent Art and pleaſant way of Writing, call'd Poetry: Tho' moſt part of the Men of this Generation (as was noted long ſince) takes that word* Poet, *for either Lover or Liar; He anſwers many Objections and Aſperſions that were laid againſt Poetry and Poets, and proves its Excellency from Reaſon and Antiquity: As any may read in the fore-cited place.*

But I have heard ſome Objections, that I hardly think ever entred into his Brain, that any would ſhow their folly ſo far, as once to mention them.

The firſt Objection is, That all Poets have Bees in their Heads. To which I Anſwer; That where there are many Bees, there is ſome Honey, for without Honey they'll inſtantly die. Let any conſider the Nature of Bees they'll find they are Laborious Creatures, and can ſuck Honey from the bittereſt Flower of the Field. But I would have ſuch Gentlmen conſider, that their Heads muſt ſurely be as full of Drons, who can find no ſweetneſs in the Muſes Well, nor Pleaſure in the Heliconian Hills. I truly think thoſe Dronaticks find a ſweetneſs in nothing but in what pleaſes their Taſtes

As one did once at a Feast find such sweetness in a Pocki-Pudding, which made him eat so largely, till his Throat was forc'd to give egression to the superfluous Guests of his Belly, and that on such a sudden, that those who came last in, went first out, they made such hurly burly striving for the Door, that he could have wish'd his Throat to have been as big as his Belly, at that time. Others stiles them Light in the Head. But I would be very glade if those Gentlemen would explain their Terms, whether they mean Lux *or* Levitas? *If the former, their Brains or Heads were the first things made in the Creation, He said,* Let there be Light and there was Light, *if it be this Light, then he that has Light in the Head is very happy, for Heaven it self is Emblemated and holden forth by Light; Yea moreover if the Opinion of the Philosophers holds true, that the Head is the Seat of the Soul, (none can deny that the Soul is an Heavenly Substance, consequently Light) Then he that is not Light in Head hardly deserves the Name of a Man, because he is* sine Anima. *But if the latter,* viz. Levitas, *Then they must grant that* omne Corpus leve ascendit, vel Naturaliter, vel Atractione; *If Naturally, then they do but seek or tend to their Center, from whence they came: If by Atraction, then they must be by some Superior and Over-ruling Power astricted and drawn to some loftier and more excellent Contemplation than many of those Block-heads, who are so ready to spit out their harmless Gall against them.*

This Art is spoken evil of by none, but by those, who are ignorant of it themselves: It were the hight of folly in me, to say that a Lawyer is Crack-brain'd, because he can Answer to every Point, and solve every Objection ex tempore *at the Bar, because I am*

not able to do the like: I think it no leſs folly in ſome who can hardly ſubſcribe their own Names, to paſs harſh Sentiments on Poets and their Works: Since ever I could decern a Pretty Man from a Block-head, I never heard any of Underſtanding and Learning ſpeak ill of Poets qua Poets; No-doubt they have their other failings as others have, Though many of them were unskilfull, 'tis but a ſmall matter, becauſe they ſeek nothing for their Pains. And 'tis as rare to find any who gives them any, as to find a Hermophradite *or an* Unicorn: *Tho' a Satyre rightly compoſed has often had as much influence to Reform a Wicked Man, as ſome cold Preachings.*

For my own part, I deſerve not to be among the Number of thoſe whom I am vindicating; I will willingly ſtand at the foot of Helicon, *and ſerve thoſe who have drunk of the* Pyrenian Well; *Becauſe my Ear hath been often penetrated with the ſweet Echoes of their Melodious Strains.*

Some are pleas'd to honour me with the Name of Poet, but no thanks to them, becauſe 'its out of Deriſion; others attribute the ſame to me, Becauſe I Love the Muſes: But I am very far below that Name, I could wiſh I were one: It was once reckoned amongſt the Properties of a Learned and Mighty King, his being a Poet; and now it is thought folly, and the down-right ſign of a Mad-man by the Sapient Blockheads of this Age: And yet themſelves are ſo mad as to ſing the Pſalms of David *Paraphras'd by a* Quorum *of theſe Mad-med, as themſelves commonly term them.*

Reader, *In the following Ruſtick Strain, thou haſt a mixture of* Satyrs, Elogies, Mirth *and* Sadneſs, *Pen'd on ſeveral Subjects and Occaſions, None of which Satyrs were written without Ground and Provo-*

cation

cation: Bitterneſs I ſuppoſe will ſeem to thee the greateſt fault, But feſtring Wounds need nipping Salves, and great Crimes ſevere Rebukes.

Candid Reader, *If thou be a Lover of Poeſie (no doubt thou will be a Friend to Poets) I beg thy favourable Cenſor, I hope thou will rather mend my Errors, than diſpiſe the Art for my ſake, who am unskilful therein: But if thou be a Diſpiſer of ſuch Work-men and their Labours, I value thy Cenſer leſs than thou can do my verſe, I remain thine as thou art mine.*

Robert Smith.

A

POEM *on the Building of the School-house of* Glenshee.

LAtely at the Revolution,
The World turn'd to that Condition,
That from the King they took the Crown,
And from the Bishops pull'd the Gown
To set them by as Idle Drons
Advanceing Presbyterian Tons,
Esteeming them no more than Fools,
Giving their Rents for to keep Schools.
Duke *Athol* loving Piety,
A Hundred Merks got to *Glenshee.*
To some young Man to teach their youth;
Because their Fathers had such Drouth
Spending their Money in Abuses,
Rather than on *Pious* Uses;
Some spending all at Dyce and Cards,
Some would rake Hell for to be Lairds;
Sparing neither to oppress,
The Widow nor the Fatherless;
Some Gluttons, some Tobacco-smoakers,
And most at sacred things were Mockers,
And some were Drunkards haunting Whores;
And other some were Cheats and Liars:
They of their young Ones took no Care,
To give them either School or Lair.
Our Gentles Learning doth appear,
By this that they can kill a Deer;
And take Fish in forbidden time,
Although by Law it be a Crime.

To

To go about I am not ſtark;
I return to the hunder Merk,
Which the Queen granted to *Glenſhee*,
For to maintain a Dominie.
This made the Lords a Tryſt to hold,
That they might get a Follow bold,
Then they reſolved one to Call,
Out of the Colledge *Mariſhall*;
One who hath Greek, and Latin ſpeaks,
They are ſo large, they may be Dyks,
We'll have our Children Educat
And make them fit for Church and State.
The Lad was call'd, a Tryſt was held
At *Kerrow* there a School to Build:
They firſt reſolv'd to ſpend the Summer
In bringing home Bridge-trees and Timber;
To make every paſſage clear
Through all the Country far and near.
That I may fitly them compare,
Unto the wanton Graſshopper;
That all the Summer idle Flees,
For they were ſo with their Bridge-trees.
The Summer paſt, the Harv'ſt did come,
The Bridge-trees yet came never home,
And very few who hath a Peat,
Their Wives or Children for to heat:
'Is thought a Man of no Repute,
Who hath a Clod to warm his Feet.
The School-houſe yet was never Build,
Another Council muſt be held,
Or they concluded it was beſt,
Their Corns firſt to put to reſt.
The Dominie greatly did fear,
They did intend his Eye to Blear;
But he his Patience did extend,
Till it was worn to ane end,

Then after Reading he did ſay,
Unto them on a Sabbath-Day.
My dear Friends, and all Well-wiſhers
You Heritors, and all Black Fiſhers
You Foreſters, and all Deer killers,
Browſters, Husbandmen, and Millers,
I Pray you all give ear to me,
Chriſtian Brethren of *Glenſhee*,
It is well known unto you all,
At firſt from you I got a call,
For to come here to teach a School,
And now ye've us'd me as a Fool:
Having no place where to abide,
Nor any hole my head to hide,
But holds me wandering up and down,
As thoſe who beg from Town to Town,
I have no conſtant place to ſtay,
Neither know I where to ly,
I hope ye'll have Conſideration,
And Build my Houſe from the Foundation,
Or elſe I will be forc'd to dwell,
Where ever Fortune doth me call,
Thus having ſaid, he made a halt,
And every one confeſt his fault.
Then Old *Tom* to the reſt did ſay,
My Friends, I do appoint *Friday*,
At *Kerrow* for to big the *School*,
For we'll no longer play the Fool.
All from *Balno*, unto *Stronlyn*,
I pray you keep this Day in mind,
Tinningand and *Coridon*,
I pray you think this Day upon,
Dalmunzie, *Leanoch-Muir* and *Binzean*
With all the People of *Dalhinzean*,
Let all be-weſt the *Spittel* come,
And join your ſelves both *Cams* and *Tom*,

Ye People of *Bruchderge* and *Cray*,
Enderridries and *Rinavey*;
Come all: For *Kerrow* he'll be there,
Waiting you when ye appear.
Thurſday and Wedneſday before
The Maſter went from Door to Door,
As any Beggar that doth thigg,
Intreating them his Houſe to bigg.
Every one did promiſe well,
To come for to Rear up the School.
The Day appointed had ſome froſt,
They all keep't home their Shins to Roſt:
They ſaid let Schools go as they pleaſe,
We'll ſtay at home and take our eaſe.
Yea *Tom* himſelf, who ſet the Day,
Went to *Braemar* to take his Play,
With *Kerrow* and his own Son *James*,
To fiſh upon *Glenclunies* ſtreams;
As likeways for to Hunt the Deer,
If any of them did appear.
They ſpended there three Nights and Days,
Till they themſelves were almoſt Preys
To Captain *Grant*; who did them ſeek,
And made them almoſt file their breek.
Says *Kerrow* though we be two Lairds
Yet we muſt run, for here are Guards,
Who will us either Head or Hang
Alas! it's but a ſilly ſange;
The Devil take you all black Fiſh
We're like to prove a fatal Diſh.
O *Tom* ſince ye are beſt acquaint,
With th' Captain and the Laird of *Grant*,
Pray truſe up what we have here,
For my part I dare not appear;
For if they get me once but tean
They'll have me down to *Aberdeen*

And

And caſt me into the Tolbooth
They will do that, alas forſooth
I know not to what hand to turn
I think I will run up the burn.
Tears and ſweat were on his Cheeks,
And worſe I fear was in his Breeks,
They with the Wind did caſt a ſmell
Which fear did from his Tripes expell,
His *Eyes* appear'd like Flames of Fire,
He being mov'd with fear and ire,
Again he turn'd as pale as Death,
And many a gaſp gave, ſeeking Breath:
I wiſh I'd time to tell the ſtory,
He needed no *memento mori*;
At's Mouth were ball's like Water foam,
And thus he left his Neighbour *Tom*,
Who being ſurpriz'd to ſee the People,
He ſtood as ſtill as *Brechans* ſteeple,
And Prayers made to all the Saints
That they might pacifie the *Grants*;
He unto all the Gods did call,
Sent *Mercury* to *Invercal*,
For to Solicitate *Dalmore*
Although they were at odds before;
That he with *Grant* might intereeed
To make him free from *Piſciceed*.
O *Invercald*, ye's get a Deer,
As good's ye ſaw this ſeven year;
Alas Sir I'm your Fleſh and Blood,
Have Pity on me in my need:
Alas who will give me relief,
But ye, my Name-ſake, Friend and Chief:
For I's be no worſe than my word,
Or let me Die upon a Sword,
If ever I Meat or Drink do ſpend
Till to your Gate a Deer I ſend.

He took his Gun, he dight his Eyen
nd pour'd the Water out of his Sheen,
e up the brae right fast did prick,
hen at the top through his Prospect
looked round, both far and near
he could spy a good fat Deer.
presently a Flock did spy,
dvancing to him speedily;
thought that did Prognosticat
was a Man belov'd of fate.
Then he upon his Knees did stay,
ot Worshipping the Diety,
t looking steadfast to the Deer.
see if they were drawing near,
nd at the last, without Remead,
dang a Harts heels ov'r his head.
d sent him down to *Invereald*,
else at home a lie he tald.
By this time *Kerrow* was come home,
here he got but a sad Welcome,
got a Charge for to compear
Castle-Blair for *Athols* Deer;
hich News his Heart gave such a wound,
at instantly he fell a sound;
Eyes turn'd as a sullid glass,
d like haw clay his hands and face,
s Feet as cold as any stone,
s he expir'd and gave a grone.
e did into this posture ly,
he was wakn'd with the Cry,
ich his Wife gave supposing Dedd,
Husband was, alas she said,
w now lyes my Husband here,
ad for fear of *Athol's* Deer!
is Ears were piereed with her moan,
looked up and gave a groan,

Then he at her began to speer,
How long dead have I lyen here.
To interrogat him *She* began,
Alas! What have ye kill'd a Man?
Or have ye seen an Apparition?
That's put you in this sad condition?
Or 'gainst Queen *Ann* committed Treason?
Contrar to all Law and Reason?
Tell me soon what ye have done?
Against the Country or the Queen?
Tell me, tell me in all haste,
My Patience cannot longer last,
Alas! alas! My heart is sad,
Tell me soon or I'll go mad.
Alas I guilty am of Blood
Yet I am free of Homicide;
I guilty am of Fish and Deer,
At *Castle-Blain* I must appear,
And afterward at *Aberdeen*,
O! That Fish I had never seen;
Duke *Athol* against me is inrag'd,
And many a Witness has he charg'd.
His Neighbour *Tom* upon the Morn,
Came home to gather in his Corn,
Which he left rotting with the weet,
And trampl'd under Cattels feet,
When all Men thought he had left Thrift,
And fean him to the Hills to shift.
Now by this time the Dominie,
He thought the *Devil* was in *Glenshee*,
Because from fiends it had its name,
And how himself was us'd by them:
He thought, the *Devil* take you all,
Or Plagues of *Ægypt* on you fall,
He thought more than here's expreſt,
Because he had no House to rest,

hen he resolv'd to take him soon,
Vith all his speed to *Aberdeen.*
Gentle-woman mov'd with shame,
ow all the Countrey were to blame,
nd how they idly spent the Summer,
nd brought not home Bridge-trees nor Timber,
nd yet remain'd as idle *Drons,*
e thought upon her little ones
Vhom she lov'd as tenderly,
s the very Apple of her Eye.
Then she thus to her Husband speak,
e know how all did promise break,
nd now the Lade's to take's, farewell;
ecause he's neither House nor School.
Ve'll build him one upon this side,
he with us will grant to bide,
or he is one of the *Clanchatan,*
e'll be as true as steell or button,
know before he break his word,
e'll choise to dy upon a Sword,
o this her Husband did adhere,
or he was one who God did fear.
Then she came east unto *Dalhinzean,*
nd bids them bring their Trees to *Binzean,*
or we will build a School-house there,
ince they'll build none another where.
Ve will build one, on our own cost,
efore our Children all be lost,
nd ye down word to *Corridon,*
nd all the People this side on
pray you all do as I say,
nd come away without delay.
he word went down to *Charles Small,*
e cry'd the Devill take you all,
aste *Corridon* and *Dalhinzean,*
aste, and bring your Trees to *Binzean,*

Then every one came with a Tool,
And Timber to rear up the School,
They wrought like mad, till Night did come,
When it was dark they all went home
They hastily again did meet,
And did put up their House compleat.
The People on the other side,
Moved with Envy and with Pride,
Forth with they began to throng,
They'll do no right, they'll have no wrong,
They'll have the School on their own side,
Not for Profit, but for *Pride.*
Tom told the Master did not flatter,
He should not stay beyond the Water;
Nor any other more than he,
That ever should be in *Glenshee.*
Says *Rinavey*, I'll not say so,
For Heaven and Earth hath prov'd my Foe,
Since I did act against Ms. *John*,
I'll mould no more with the Church-men,
In that Affair I was so stout,
When all Subscriv'd, that I stood out;
I neither would hear Right nor Reason,
Although he had been cast in Prison;
I may with *Saul*, now justly cry,
Ms *John* more righteous is than I.
I've been a persecuting *Saul*,
O make me now a Praying *Paul*,
That I may no more have a hand,
'Gainst those who at the Altar stand,
A great Sigh and a Groan gave he,
And *Tom* began to pacifie.
Neighbour *Tom*, I think ye're made,
To have such ire against the Lad,
For presently ye hear him say,
Where the first House is, there he'll stay,

If our's be first up on this side,
There he says, he shall abide,
If theirs be first beyond the Water,
There he'll stay, he does not flatter.
Toms old and young with *Rinavey*,
Again appointed *Munenday*,
And at the *Cam's* about Day-light,
There meet this three Lairds of might,
Another Council there they held,
How they best a School might build,
Says *Tom*, *Cam*, ye'll a couple be,
Two I and *Kerrow* this is three,
Spittel the rest and *Rinavey*,
So they went forth and gave a Cry.
Come forth, come forth, ye Ruttick Rabble,
Come forth and build the Tower of Babel,
Then to the Wood went all the Town,
For to cutt the tall Cedars down,
Each one like a Hottie and Harrow
Trailing Timber to the *Korrow*
Some had an Ax, and some a Wimble,
But many more for haste came humble,
They had no Men to Couples ty,
On the Terrey they did cry,
A hog for *Roy* come over the Water,
Come over and join us in this Matter,
Each one wrought as he'd been mad,
Building *Babel* as I said,
They knit their Couples not to Jaake
To never one they gave a balk;
But did erect them to the Sky,
Till they should come on the next Day;
But many of them did appear,
At *Athol's* Court for killing Deer,
Where some of them there did confess,
They trembling stood before his Grace,

And

And ſweating too, their Hearts did ake,
And Joints did like *Belſhazzars* ſhake,
Which was enough to move the Pity,
Of Her who lives in *London* City.
The Prince of *Athol*'s heart was ſoft,
And fill'd with Pity, when ſo oft
He ſaw him trembling almoſt dead,
And ſweating each drop like a bead,
He paſt him till another time,
Though not abſolved from the Crime,
He thinks his Grace of this will nod,
He fears him more, than he fears God.
By this the Building was delay'd,
After all their force was try'd,
As *Babels* Towr's fell to the ground;
When God their Language did confound,
I think ſo hath he done to them,
For both their Works have prov'd the ſame;
Their Couples by the wind did fall:
But yet again they ſay they ſhall,
Be once put up, and there ſhall be,
The Seminary of *Glenſhee*,
And there they will bring Mr. *Smith*,
In ſpight of all his Friends and Pith,
When they do this (my Muſe ſhe ſhall)
If Ink be thick mix it with gall)
Contentedly with all my heart,
Then I ſhall pen a ſecond part.

FINIS.

Though to my Muſe it be diſaſter,
To anſwer ſuch a Poetaſter;
Yet take theſe Lines when them you ſee
For ſcandalizing of Glenſhee.

An anſwer to the *Black Smiths* ſenſleſs Poetry anent the Building of the Schoolhouſe of *Glenſhee.*

MY Muſe is croſt for to reviſe,
Lines which ſo highly I diſpiſe,
Yet ere my Countrey be diſgrac't,
Where Divine Providence me plac't,
I'll anſwer Mr. *Smith* the Fool,
Who in *Glenſhee* doth keep the School,
As to his rhyme anent the building,
Of *Babell*, as he calls it ſcolding,
And make ingenuous Readers ſee,
That he amiſs doth blame *Glenſhee*,
Since this is ſlighted by the reſt
Of Poets, I tho not the beſt,
Among us, yet will undertake,
To make his Sophiſtry to quake.
As to thy Preface it is Treaſon,
Both contrar to all Law and Reaſon,
Thou fears not therein for to vent,
Reproach againſt the Government;
As to thy Poetry its nonſenſe,
And therein not a word of bonſenſe
The firſt Line of theſe ſtupid verſes
Is defective, and fit for a--r-s,
Moſt of the reſt loves its example
More fit for Swine on them to trample,
Than Men to read of underſtanding,
Who have their wills at their commanding.

Thou

Thou says an hundred Merks we have,
Of Bishoprents our cost to save,
Because by drinking we are spenders,
By Whores and Dice; no Money Lenders:
If we do this, thourt not behind us,
thy Vice and Luxury thou bind us,
to make the Christian World to know thee,
as we shall in thy Colours show thee.

Thou'll Drink, Carouse, both Swear and Curse,
and fiend a Peny in thy purse,
thy Whoredom doth right well appear,
although thou hast been short while here,
thy Love, nay, Lust drove thee right far
In time of Snow, even to *Braemar*,
to see thy Concubins and Dunties,
that thou might feel and f--k their C--t-s.

Thou tells one we resolv'd to Call,
Out of the Colledge *Marishall*,
One that hath Greek, and Latin speaks,
they are so large they may be dyks
If they be dyks, thou may be Morter
And do the office of the Porter
To keep the dyke from wind and weather,
Thou'rt made of Lime and sand, dirt rather,
thy Colledge has been at *Buckhaven*,
Where thou hast past thy time years seven
among the Salters and the Fishers,
Whom thou thy self calls thy well-wishers.

Though some of us Tobacco Smoak,
the reek doth never make us Choak,
either our Throats or stop our Nose,
as thy vile snichen, and thy brose
Which thou dost as thy God adore,
without which thou can live no more
than we can do without our breath,
take thou this Turd to pick thy Teeth.

Thou

Thou calls us Fishers, and Deer killers,
browsters, Husbandmen, and Millers,
t is far better so to do,
han beg from door to door like you:
hy Giddy brain so full of boldness,
lthough thy Joints do shake for coldness,
hat thou not only rails us all;
ut some by name thou dares to call;
n *Tom* and *Kerrow* thou dost play
n *Finingand*, and *Rinavey*,
'e'll answer at our names thou Ass,
nd make thee from thy challenge pass.
Thou says of *Tom*, he's quite all thrift,
nd tane him to the Hills to shift;
's like he would shift better there,
han thou with all thy Clergy fair
ould do at *Rome*, or yet at *Naples*
r Pastum fair, where grows good Aples;
ut for evasion thou alledges,
s shifts not honest, but takes Pledges,
om *Athol's* Forrests or of *Marr*,
r takes black fish with light of starr,
hou says he sent to *Invercall*,
est he among the *Grants* should fall;
Invercall he sent no Deer,
f Captain *Grant* he had no fear,
ow where's thy lies and silly Rhyme?
fear thou'll perish for this Crime.
Kerrow thou says and he were fishing,
d fill'd their breeks with dirt and pitning;
y words most nasty are and hateful,
d no less Calumning and Spitful:
ey have more skill to keep their Breeks,
an thou thy nose or yet thy Cheeks,
lluted still with dirt and snuffing,
breath of Whores upon the puffing.

Kerrow thou says was made appear,
at *Atholls* Court for killing Deer,
the fear of which did strick him dead,
and filled both his heart and head
With fear to stand before his Grace,
With tears his eyes and all his face,
Thy Calumning will never end,
till God thee to thy grave do send,
It was not Pity but just Law,
That brought him out of *Atholls* paw.

Thou thought the Devil was in *Glenshee*,
because they were not kind to thee,
Indeed thy thoughts, have not deceived.
thy self, for we have him received.

Thou Prays the Devil take us all,
Or Plagues of *Egypt* on us fall,
Before the Devil get one of us,
Or Plagues of *Egypt* seise us thus,
as thou dost pray he'll get thy self
With all thy vile and stinking Pelf
we mean thy Rhyme and not thy Gear
For Devil a farthing thou hast here.
Thou tells in triumph that thou hadst Friends
Although thou dwelt among the fiends,
to wit, of those who did abide,
Upon the Waters other side;
that they took care to build a School,
Because the rest did play the Fool,
But know, and thereat be asham'd,
that this sad truth should once be nam'd
They did it not for thy deserving,
But were asham'd to see thee starving.

When word came down to *Charles Small*,
He cry'd the Devill take you all,
As thou dost say, but hold thy Tongue,
its not his ordinary Song.

We doubt not but ere long we'll find,
A Man agreeing to our mind,
who carefully will teach our Youth,
For thou haſt ſuch a burning Drouth,
that thou muſt run unto the Ale,
though School and Learning both ſhould fail.
Thou boldly brings in *Rinavay*,
In thy deriding ſcorn and play,
Confeſſing with a ſigh and groan,
His evils done againſt Mes *John*;
If he was guilty of offence,
It was his tender Conſcience,
Made him reſerv'd ere he did ſee,
Ms *John* by legal means made free;
But now he loves him as his Heart,
'Gainſt all his Foes will take his part,
Exclame no more on *Rinavey*
He loves the Truth I may well ſay.
Now *Smith* ſee if thou's got thy pay,
For ſtricking with thy Hammers ay,
Upon *Glenſhee* ſince thou came here,
if not of that thou ſhalt be ſure.
Now Chriſtian Brethren of *Glenſhee*
take in good part what's done by me.
I have confuted Mr. *Smith*,
Your Adverſar for all his pith,
If Ink be thick, he ſwears he ſhall,
To make it thin mix it with gall,
Contentedly with all his heart,
he ſays he'll Pen a ſecond part.
We care nor for his feed a fart,
Pen when he will his ſecond part.

A Reply, or a Bow at Adventure (which drove the Author of the foregoing, from his lurking Holes) by R. S.

AN Anſwer to, that Poetaſter,
Who ſerves the Devil who's his Maſter,
Who to vent his Prophanitie,
Thinks for to flatter our *Glenſhee*,
By whom his Rhyme is much abhor'd,
Which he ſuppos'd would be ador'd.
The Title breeds thee Shame and Lack,
Tho' thou deſigns me a *Smith* black;
And ſays I've ſenſeleſs Poetrie,
Anent the School-Houſe of *Glenſhee*.
Fair Flowers have not the ſweeteſt Smell,
As any Man of Senſe can tell,
Yea *Lucifer* though he was fair,
From Heaven to Hell he did repair;
None (but a Brute) will make Reflection
Upon a reverend, grave Complection.
My Name is from the King of Arts;
Which to the World more good imparts,
Yea ev'n to Kings, to Dukes and Earles,
Than Jaſper Stones, or fineſt Pearles.
Thou like a Baſilisk would tear,
But yet muſt hide thy ſelf for fear,
Such Helliſh Imps ſure never thrives,
They muſt run whom the Devil drives.
Indeed if thou had right reviſ'd,
That which thy Brain-ſick-head diſpis'd,
Thou would have found thy ſelf a Fool,
To ſpeak of *Glenſhee* or their School.
Thou art ſo far from being beſt
Of Poets, that they are diſgrac'd,

Becauſe

cauſe that Name thou doſt pollute,
ou ſilly ſtupid, ſenſeleſs Brute,
ou'rt guilty of Diſgrace and Shame,
auſe thou haſt deny'd thy Name,
d conſequently all thy Verſes,
hich are too baſe for wiping A--s.
'll let thee underſtand I know thee,
by ſure Tokens I ſhall ſhow thee,
d prove thou art a greater Fool,
n Mr. *Smith* that keeps the School.
ill thy Sophiſtry detect,
ore thy pow'r make mine to quake.
Which is not Sophiſtry, but Truth:
now have at thee heartleſs Youth;
I no more will write for thee,
on the People of *Glenſhee*,
ſome thing of the Truth I'll ſhow,
let the Reader better know,
t I am able to refute thee,
hough the Devil ſhould recruit thee:
hou ſays my Preface it is Treaſon,
ich ſhows thou'rt void of Senſe and Reaſon.
s it becauſe in it was ſhown?
y did of late the King dethrone?
l idly ſet the Biſhops by,
l in their Place fix'd Presbytry?
was't becauſe I nam'd Tones?
o the Presbyterian Ones
e each one hath his Tone on Earth,
proper to him as his Breath:
n ſenſeleſs Sott thy ſelf doth ſhow
u art as ignorant's a Sow:
at ſees thou here that's like to Treaſon,
pardon Beaſts for lack of Reaſon.
ll pledge my Life, thou'll not diſſent
n any preſent Government,

For very little Gain or Hire,
Thou'd bury Conſcience in a Mire;
For greed of Gain thou would not ſcorn,
For to ſubſcrive the *Turks* Alcorn.
A preſent Life thou eſteems more,
Than all Hopes of Eternal Glore.
Thou ſays the firſt Line of my Verſes
Is defective, and fit for A---s;
Thou art a Liar, all Poets ken,
The Defect's only in thy Brain:
And after they have wipt foul H--s,
They are too fine to cleanſe thy Lips;
And on the reſt no Man can trample,
But Swine like thee, by thy Example,
Whom if they follow, they lack Reaſon,
But Beaſts were never hang'd for Treaſon.
Thou ſays, I'll drink, carouſe and curſe,
And never a Penny in my Purſe.
Thou do'ſt me ſquare by thy own Rod,
And thinks becauſe thou fears not God,
That every one is like to thee,
A curſed drunken Debauchee.
All who knows me, knows thou lies,
Such Godleſs Cuſtoms I diſpiſe,
My Company is ay the beſt,
And Gentlemen who would deteſt,
All curſing drunken Debauchees,
Like thy Prophanity and Lies.
Of Money thou art an Adorer,
And yet of Drink thou'rt no Abhorer;
'Tis known I gladly pay my ſhot,
If Gentlemen impede me not;
Tho' thou delights ſuch Lies to tell,
To make thy ſelf an Heir of Hell.
Indeed I rightly do remember:
I went to *Braemar* in *December*;

ſee theſe generous Gentlemen,
hoſe praiſe exceeds my Tongue and Pen,
whom my Candor weill appears,
t I diſdain all Bauds and Whores,
ſuch baſe Acts are only thine,
Draff is beſt belov'd of Swine;
o hates all odoriferous Scents,
d glutts themſelves with Excrements:
Impudence it ſelf would be
nam'd to hear what's ſaid by thee:
ither my Honour, or Good Name,
n ever be ſtain'd by the ſame;
bark on Curr, till thou grow hoarſe,
Fame is never a whit the worſe.
'll prove it as my Verſes ſpeaks,
t Dominies they may be Dyks;
in the *South* they are ſo large,
Sutor got of thee the charge;
to provide thee in a place,
ſeems indeed thou wanted Grace.)
Sutor made a publick Cry,
every Houſe as he came by,
Hoy who wants a Dominy.
ſeem'd thou was a ſcurvie Futor,
ou had no Patron but a Sutor,
o had thee at command to ſee,
Earth thou'd no ſuch Friend as he.
' he'd not been thy Friend by blood,
being a Beaſt he lov'd the brood.
Again, to prove that they're not ſcant,
when of late *Glenſhee* did want;
u did petition by thy Letter,
d yet was never a whit the better;
d now thon thinks to take their Parts,
ſee if that can melt their Hearts,
en I am gone for to receive thee,
ſilly Fool, thy Thoughts deceive thee; For

For ay when thou ſpeaks of *Glenſhee*,
Then thou uſurps the Pronoun *We*,
As thou art alwiſe an Intruder,
So each one here is thy derider.
Thou Sot thou matter wants and ſtuff
To raill on me for taking Snuff,
A ſinleſs Cuſtom in repute,
Which none diſpiſes but a Brute
That thou might raill with ſtinking words,
From Calder thou did borrow T---s,
Let Men of Judgement give thee praiſe,
To ſee thy Trophees buil't with theſe.
As for the Colledge I was bred,
We were not both brought up indeed,
As by thy terms doth well appear,
The Devil himſelf would bluſh to hear,
What thy Tongue ſpitts out, O prophane!
To writ them would defile my Pen;
To hear them ſpoke the Devill would huſh
Alecto & Erinnys bluſh:
They greatly do defile the ear,
Of every one who doth them hear.
If I did beg they were to blame,
They did me call before I came;
Since they ought to've had that diſcretion,
To us'd me as became my ſtation:
Which I did never effectively,
I thought it begging comp'ratively
To wit, that I ſhould live ſo mean,
As me before no Man had ſeen.
But ſurely thou had taken't better,
Who was acquainted with the matter.
But as to *Tom*, what I did ſay,
He knows it was in ſport and play,
For he of knacks was never ſcant,
No Reaſon he a ſcorn ſhould want;

Although thy fooliſh Rhyme alledges,
That he of *Athols* Deer took Pledges;
Which he did not (a Liar thou are,)
From *Athol* Duke or Earl of *Murr*,
But by his Maſters own Command,
Of whom he holds both Houſe and Land;
In's Forreſt he a Deer caus'd fall,
And ſent him down to *Invercall*.
For *Invercall* would not receipt,
A thing that's got by ſtealth or cheat.
His Candid Honour, it is clear,
That he regards no Pledge or Deer,
Of all the Forreſts of *Braemar*,
Nor of the Prince that wears the Star,
For he doth live the World may ſee,
Under the Vine and ſweet Fig-tree.
It ſeems thou in my brain fears boldneſs,
As I into thy heart ſee coldneſs,
Since thou for fear can not abide me,
But muſt run to the Devil to hide thee.
Yet as a fool thou doſt minace,
That I muſt from a challenge paſs.
Though Cold had made my Joints to ſhake,
'Tis like my Pen will make thee quake,
Or elſe it'll make thy Courage heat thee,
To tell thy name, and then to beat me.
Thou thinks that I'm as fear'd as thou,
Who has leſs Courage than a Sow,
Thou both denys thy Name and Rhyms,
For fear thou Periſh for ſuch Crimes.
And as again to *Kerrows* Cloaths,
Which thou compares unto my noſe;
My Face and Noſe all Perſons ſee,
But Backſide none ſaw that ſave thee,
Thou art the Sow who by thy Speeches,
Did with thy Tongue did cleanſe his Breeches,

And did them liberate from ſmell,
So for thy pains kiſs thou his Tail.
Thou pleads his Cauſe, he'll thee permit;
But muſt find Caution not to bite.
What fill'd his Breeks I did not know,
Till thou who dighted them did ſhow.
I thought the Devill was in *Glenſhee*,
As it on ſolid Grounds might be
With Holy *Job* he keeped tryſt,
And *Joſua* the Holy Prieſt,
As likewiſe in the Wilderneſs,
He tempted C. ev'n face to face,
Though he came here he found no reſt,
Till he return'd back to thy Breaſt,
Thou offer'd here, they would not have thee,
And ſo for thee, they did receive me.
Thou ſee's thy Sophiſtry detected,
For all the art that thou objected;
Though Error be of ancient date
Yet by the Truth 'tis ay defeat.
Fool thou objects I have no *Pelf*,
For greed of which thou'd hang thy ſelf,
No marvel though ſometime I'm ſcant,
The freeſt hearts oftimes doth want,
For thirty pieces, yea for leſs,
Thou wou'd run curſed *Judas* Race;
But ſince thy will it is ſo good,
It'll be accepted for the deed.
I'll tell't again that I have Friends,
And hated am by none but Fiends,
And who the Truth cannot abide,
But ſtill at it will carp and chide,
And doth it ay calumniat,
With Eagerneſs, Envy, and Hate,
My Friends they daily do increaſe,
But thine on Earth turns leſs and leſs,

know not what they are in Hell,
Where thou I fear ere long muſt dwell,
When thou goes there thou beſt can tell.
My Houſe was built for my deſerving,
never was redact to ſtarving,
oor fool 'tis thy ſimplicitie,
o think each one has been like thee.
And as again to *Finingand*,
did but work at his Command.
r he is juſt like *Heroſtratus*,
o raiſe his Fame he will be *gratus*.
And what thou ſays of *Rinnvey*,
wiſh it were as thou doſt ſay,
e's turn'd his Friend againſt his will,
cauſe he could not do him ill;
ſt like a Thief that muſt turn leel,
cauſe he has not ſtrength to ſteal,
r like a Dog that will not bite;
ecauſe his Teeth has fail'd him quite.
Thou Map of all Diſgrace and Shame;
Who baſely has deny'd thy Nkme;
efore thy fleſh were ſtigmatiz'd,
hou would deny thou was Baptiz'd,
What Honour can thou get or wiſh,
o ſhoot at me out of a Buſh?
thing below all generous Spirits,
ut beſt becomes all Hypocrites.
ut yet thy Balls they have no force,
heir ſmoak may only ſtink thy Noſe,
s their ſound doth defile the Ear,
f every one who doth them hear.
Thou ſays I have a burning Drouth,
ow, herein if thy ſelf ſpeak Truth;
hough I ſhould drink, my ſin is leſs
han thine, who drinks unto exceſs,

And yet has neither Drouth nor Cauſe,
Thou both breaks G---s and natures Laws?
Poor fool thought thou to kill me dead,
And yet ſo fear'd was for my head,
That like a Thief thou ran away,
And then cry'd thou, gave *Smith* his pay?
I need no Hammers to withſtand thee,
Since all do ſee my Pen commands thee,
Thou threats that *Smith* by the's be paid,
I pray thee do as thou haſt ſaid,
For I expect but eaſy blows,
From th' Cowards who ſtouteſt words ay ſhows,
Tell me thy Name, ſhow me thy Face,
Or hold thy peace to thy Diſgrace.

Robert Smith.

By the fore Lines, the Hypocrite was forc'd to unvail himſelf. Thus he begins.

IS *Smith* again begun to blow,
Out ſtinking Wind from Bellows ſlow,
And do his Hammers ſtrike with might,
Or doth he with a nail ſtring ſight;
I thought he had been gone ere now,
That he of Hell might get a view,
To ſee *Vulcanus* his grim chief,
And *Pluto* that black ugly Thief;
his kind Companions who him ſends,
ſome fire-brands which he out ſends,
againſt thoſe whom they cannot harm,
ſince they come from ſo weak an arm;
becauſe that now *Glenſhee* hath beat thee,
and every honeſt Man doth hate thee,
thou with thy Hammers ſtricks at me,
which I regard leſs than a flee,

Thou

Thou tells my name in Terms full plain,
hich to my Candor is no ſtain,
Jaſper ſtone which thou doſt ſcorn,
e heavenly Buildings do adorn,
d is firſt of the Twelve Foundations,
new *Jeruſalems* Situations:
marvel thou do mock that place,
here Saints behold God's bleſſed Face,
uſe therein thou haſt no right,
it thou'll never get a ſight.
wilt be thrown into the fire
wn by the bellows of God's ire
thou art nam'd from *Vulcans* Art,
hou with him will get thy part,
drink his nectar in Hells Cloſet,
melted brim-ſton pitch and roſet.
's brain ſick heads juſt like thine own,
Lucifer from Heaven came down,
Lucifer in Heaven is ſtill,
confirm'd by Men of skill,
bright and lucid Morning Star
oſe light exceedeth very far,
other Stars, it doth diſplay,
Uſhers in the lightſome day,
no marvell though here he err,
s no concluſion can inferr,
all the World may clearly ſee,
hs never knew Aſtronomie.
vindicating your *Glenſhee*,
ays us'd the Pronoun *We*,
reaſon for they did intreat,
help in their name thee to beat.
ou ſays that Poets are diſgrac't,
uſe my name among them's plac't,
aſhamed of the Name,
ſe thou arrogats the ſame

Thou

Which

Which thou deſerves as well as Swine
are worth to drink Canary Wine,
Or *Denmarks* Dog for to be King,
Or Dumbies getting praiſe to ſing,
Or Oxen for to eat with Princes,
Or thy lies to be call'd Defences,
Or baſe Pretenders for to Reign,
Or Strangers Baſtards to be King,
Or Drunkards to be call'd good Follows
Or Gluttons to get greater Bellies.
Or Poiſon to be call'd good Food,
Or Sin it ſelf call'd Moral Good.

I never did deny my Name,
Of it I need to think no ſhame,
more precious in Earth and Heaven,
than all that ever by *Smiths* were given,
I did it not proclaim, becauſe,
an Advocat in Civil Laws,
his Clients Name, and not his own
doth arrogat, as is well known,
but now when thou doſt mention me,
and like a Coward flees from *Glenſhee*,
I'll tell my Name to thy Diſgrace,
and likewiſe let thee ſee my face;
as thou didſt ſoon flee from *Glenſhee*,
I hear ſo wilt thou do from me,
and take thee to thy Ancient Trade
wherewith thou from thy youth waſt bred
Which ſome ſay was by ſtealing Sheep,
Some ſay thy Brothers thou did keep,
I mean the vile and naſty Swine,
whoſe Noſes are more clean than thine.

If I did thee accuſe of Treaſon,
I'll make it plain to human Reaſon,
that thou art guilty, for thou Clown,
thou blames the taking off the Crown,

om *Popish James*, that Tyrant grand,
ho would have over-thrown our Land,
d not his Power been ſoon cut down,
d Royal *William* got the Crown.
ou doſt bewail the Mitred Prieſts,
lamities, within whoſe Breaſts
Vipers Poiſon to infect
d's Holy People and Elect,
ey were but always idle drons,
hile they had power to ſound their tons
e Oxen fatted in the ſtall,
t fit for any work at all,
d contrar to God's Ordination,
urping ſtiles above their ſtation,
ing on them Supremitie,
ere God commands Equalitie,
t thou not guilty then of Treaſon,
t Beaſts have not the uſe of Reaſon
e thou would hang for this thy Crime,
hich thou haſt publiſh't thus in rhyme.
hou ſays for Money I'll not ſcorn
to ſubſcribe the *Turks* Alcorn
ruly think thou Devils Minion,
u'rt one of *Mahomets* Opinion
t is far better Faith for thee,
n any ways it is for me,
t this thy Faith thee well aſſures
ou'll get Ten Virgins to be Whores,
om every day thou mayeſt know,
t Virgins ſtill if it be ſo.
is greater pleaſure in thee raiſes,
an ſinging Gods Eternal Praiſes
ith Hallelujahs at his Throne,
m whence all Whores moſt be gone.
hou ſays I greatly am to blame,
giving things their proper Name, thou

thou Fool, I knew thy thick-ſculd head
My meaning had not underſtood,
If I had us'd Heroick Dictions,
thou would have thought they had been fiction
the Lyrick Poet *Horace* ſays,
C--ts were the cauſe of Wars and Pleas
ſuch Inſtances enough I know,
Though to a Brute I'll not them ſhow.
A Sutor of me ne're had Power,
As *Satan* hath of thee each Hour,
He only told where I did dwell,
So much I never bad him tell;
but ſilly ſot thou'rt void of ſenſe,
and vents thy ſtupid Ignorance
Chriſt who was Gods beloved Son,
was ſhown to Men by Baptiz't *John*
his Goſpel preach't was to the Poor,
In means as well as Spirit I'm ſure,
being but ſilly Fiſher Men,
as Holy Scripture lets us ken,
I never did beg of *Glenſhee*
that I might be their Dominie.
Yea I had a far better place,
And has this day (by God's good grace.)
I borrowed T--ds indeed from *Calder*,
for to beſmear this ſtinking ſcalder,
Becauſe I uſe not ſtinking T--ds
I'll pay him with much fairer words.
Does thou yet ſpeak of Education,
of School or Colledge in this Nation?
thou haſt no Latine, Greek or Logick,
nor any Art, but may be Magick.
I heard thou waſt at *Aberdeen*,
dighting ſomes and others Sheen,
that is the skill thou brought from thence,
but thou muſt get thee gone from hence.

Thou ſays I'll not take ill to beg,
s being wont before to thig,
ut thou'rt a Liar it is well known,
always liv'd upon my own:
ea there is ſome in this Countrie,
know my honeſt Pedegree,
ho thou to get a livelyhood,
ought dighting Shoes an office good.
hen *Invercald* thee did refuſe
keep his gate, who can thee chuſe?
ou by thy vain and ſilly jeſts,
rudes thy ſelf to others Feaſts,
not deny that I'm Baptiz'd,
hough I ſhould be Atomniz'd:
t thou'd deny that thour't Baptiz'd,
d let thy ſelf be Circumcis'd,
ere it not it would hurt thy P---k,
other thing would make thee ſtick.
hink I've done as I did ſay,
d given the Black-Smith his pay.
Though you come with your Pen and Hammers
d join your Tongue which always Stammers.
Pen alone it will withſtand thee,
is too able to command thee,
to thy Books, and fix thy ſtudy,
thou'll hing ſhortly in the Widdy.
u crys to know my Name and Face,
how theſe both to thy Diſgrace,
now ſilence thy ſhouts and hallows,
k to my Name; for here it follows.

Jaſper Craig.

Robert Smith's *Anſwer to the forgoing Lines.*

Thus begins.

Return to that *Jaſper ſtone*,
Who is the Devils Paragon;

His chiefeſt agent here on Earth,
Exceeding all the Shire of *Perth*,
In Swearing, Drinking, and Prophaneneſs;
Unthankfulneſs, Pride, and Uncleanneſs;
In Lying, Greed and Monſtrous folly,
Railing at Sacred thing and Holy.
As I ſhall prove (before I part)
By Witneſſes; not Poets Art,
Such Witneſſes as will not Lye,
Nor can deny what I'm to ſay.
A Black-Smiths Bellows or his Hips;
Blows ſweeter than thy Noſe or Lips.
Which ſtinking are and ſtill doth ſmell,
Of Dirt ſince thou cleans'd *Kerrows* Tail:
Black colour it would be diſgrac'd
Upon thy face for to be plac'd,
And ſo would red, or Colour white,
Though Brimſton Smoak has tane delight,
To ſhow its Colour, it thee paints,
And makes thy Hue like Excrements.
That neither Honeſt Laſs nor Whores,
Can fancy thee for *Venus* Powers.
Unworthy Brute I am not gone.
To ſee what is by right thy own,
Thou beſt deſerves old *Vulcans* fire,
To purge away the baſe deſire,
Which thy Tongue ſhows is in thy heart,
With *Pluto* thou deſerves to ſmart.
Thou baſe vile Excrement of Earth,
Defiling air with ſtinking breath,
My Pen has made thee to confeſs
And tell thy Name to thy diſgrace.
Which thou ſays is a *Jaſper* ſtone,
Laid firſt in Heavens foundation,
The goodly ſtones that are above,
Are fixt and never will remove,

Each *Jasper* there is holy sure,
But thou'rt on Earth, and most impure,
Thou'rt fitter for another thing,
To be set in the Devils Ring.
If thou be haughty of thy Name,
Why, but the Devil may be the same?
Since he is call'd God of this World,
As thou'rt call'd *Jasper* in *Strabarld*;
Although that Name was put on thee,
Craig that could not beautifie,
Because in thee there's nothing precious,
Thy name can never make thee gracious.
In nature thou'rt as mad's a stag,
Thy Surname suits thee better *Craig*,
On which the Serpents loves to trade,
They're in thee hatcht, they're on thee bred,
On *Craigs* they alwise love to be,
The old one he possesses thee.
Thou shows their Venom's in thy heart,
Thy tongue it spits on all a part;
Reviling Kings, and Bishops Holy,
Proving by this to show thy folly.
Thou guilty art of Blasphemy,
In all thy unclean Poetry;
How dares thou ev'r Religion stain,
To write or take His Name in vain?
Thou Rash, thou beastly fool, pray, stand,
Reflect upon the Third Command,
Poor Wretch; I bid thee dread and fear,
And from such Blasphemy forbear.
Whose ears would not (save *Atheists*) tingle?
To hear how thou thy nonsense mingle?
Some Pious words, and some Prophane,
Some time to Heaven, and then again,
Thou dips thee down again in Stygian,
Railing at Kings, and all Religion.

There's none of ſenſe or wit can praiſe thee,
As for thy Pen it'le never raiſe thee,
Thy empty ſcull and thy dull brains,
Makes thee to beg from others Pens.
Thou art ſo ſcarce of Rhyme and words,
I made thee to confeſs with T--s,
Which thou did borrow from another.
Thou borrows here two Lines together,
To wit, the Brimſtone Pitch and Roſet,
Which thou drank laſt into Hells Cloſet.
To *Lucifer* thou's ſuch a Love,
Thou takes his part, thinking to prove,
That he in Heaven doth remain,
But ſilly fool thy thoughts are vain:
From that name he has, thou declines,
And flys to the Cœleſtial ſigns,
Thinking with thy mad Sophiſtry,
To keep the Devill ſtill on high.
All knows (ſave Brutes) while he in Heaven
Was, to him that pure Name was given,
And proper is to each Star bright,
To call them all bringers of Light,
But thou knows no Equivocations,
Nor yet Grammatical Expreſſions,
For thou may juſt ſo in this manner
Call *Fiſh* a Star, when dreſt for Dinner;
Or *Dog*, or *Boar*, when dead a Starr;
Or *Sheep*, or *Rame*, Weapons of War;
When on their back grows pureſt Wool,
Where's thy Aſtronomy? Blind Fool;
By this the World may know and ſee,
That *Smith* may know Aſtronomie,
To which *Craigs* can have no pretence,
They being Creatures void of ſenſe.
Though in thy head thou haſt a Bee,
And thought to vindicat *Glenſhee*.

ch one of them they were asham'd,
hear the horrid Lyes thou nam'd,
eir vindication it was such,
sunk them deeper in the Ditch;
cause thou Ly'd and play'd such pranks,
ou's got the Devil to thy thanks.
Thou nasty Sow, thou silly rat,
ou calls thy self their Advocat,
t thou can never plead their cause,
Beast was never skill'd in Laws.
who consider right must say,
y self fled from *Glenshee* not I,
thing will make me from thee flee,
t thy most horrid Blaiphemie,
else thy lies or words prophane,
hich doth defile the ears of Men.
or me I would not guilty be,
write so base prophanitie,
ither would any who has Grace,
not to please all *Adam's* race.
thy defence thou makes Citations,
Heathens, who had such Expressions,
Heathen ever yet did use,
vile Expressions thou dost chuse;
Man with such did paper blot,
hester and thou base sot,
what is most into the heart,
tongue must indicat a part,
Swine they alwise love dung Hills,
Excrements they'll eat their fills.
n Labouring to fix on me Treason,
u's quite exhaust thy Sense and Reason,
l hast thy self involved in,
abyrynth of shame and sin.
hou base thou brutish beastly thing,
World he knows he was a King.

Come

Come of the Royal Blood and Race,
This all the World muſt confeſs;
Likewiſe he got the Crown and Throne,
And why not ſince they were his own.
His Royal Offspring *Ann* this Day,
Her Fathers Scepter yet doth ſway;
Long may ſhe live to do the ſame,
That all the World may hear her Fame.
Than me thou ought to hang far rather,
For railing on her Royal Father,
Whom all Men knows they did dethrone;
And took from him what was his own:
Though *Saul* he ſinn'd in *Iſrael*,
And from the Throne deſerv'd to fall,
Yea, though he *David* did abuſe,
(After Jehovah did him chuſe)
Yet *David* did him not revile,
Bnt gave him ſtill his proper Stile,
As thou baſe Excrement of Earth,
Revils a King with ſtinking breath;
Thy due Reward is a Dogs dead,
For revileing a crowned Head.
It's Vipers Poyſon in thy Breaſt,
Makes thee revile both King and Prieſt,
How dares thou (baſe unworthy Swine)
Speak once of Kings, or Men divine?
Or blame the Sacred Ordinations?
Of thoſe ordain'd to Rule the Nations?
Here thou doſt act the *Devil*'s Part,
And ſhows what's moſt into thy Heart,
Thou baſe unworthy ſcurvie Futor,
Thou art below a naſty Sutor,
Who did of late thee Patronize,
Who is't that thou can equalize?
Thou art below all *Adam*'s Race
Thou Maſs of Shame, thou Stain of Place.

ou art the Extract of all Evills
ewing Venome, like the *Devil's*.
l'le prove (for gain) thou would not ſcorn,
to ſubſcribe the *Turks Alcorn*;
ou baſe, thou greedy beaſtly Clown,
ou left *Dalrullian* for a Crown,
ho ſhow'd thee kindneſs in thy need,
hen thou'd moſt ſtarv'd for want of food,
hen thou was fill'd, thy Heart ſo raiſe,
ou made *Acroſtick* to his Praiſe,
Alan quich can teſtifie,
d prove the Truth what here I ſay.
hen he thy head ſet up the water,
him thou did both ly and clatter,
I did hear thee ſenſleſs Mouſe,
in *McWillie's*, where *Whitehouſe*
take his part, and thee ſilence,
d made thee paſs from thy nonſenſe:
nkillry he can this declare,
he was preſent likewiſe there.
hou ſhows thou haſt leſs gratitude,
n Beaſts of the moſt ſavage brood,
ny Dog his Bread had got,
long as thou did (Graceleſs Sot)
m *Dalrullian* he would ſhow,
reater gratitude than thou;
Dog would him defend from foes,
thou him rails where e're thou goes:
learn thou of ſome ſavage Brute,
lead thy Life far more diſcreet;
g *Alexanders* famous Horſe,
in thy Conſcience breed Remorſe,
may the Elephant of *Porus*,
o ſerv'd their Maſters in their Sorrows:
railing thou deſerves the Halter,
was the firſt who gave thee Shelter,

Thy

Thy Railing may thy ſelf diſgrace,
But never can his Praiſe make leſs.
This will be honeſt *Bleatonns* Thanks,
When thou leaves him, thou'le play ſuch Pran
Thou doſt his honeſt houſe prophane,
And's like to bring on it a ſtain.
I'le prove thou art a baſe Blaſphamer,
A Liar, a Drunkard, and Defamer;
For Proof of this the Eaſt Barron
Of Eaſt *Stralock* and *Tullacarran*,
Honeſt *Dounie Dirnenyen*,
And all the reſt good Gentlemen,
John Robertſon, and *Charles Small*,
Who took thee up, when thou did fall,
Juſt like a Sow among the Dub,
And then ſwear thou would pay thy Club,
Likewiſe Clerk *Millar* in *Dunkell*,
And he who to them fill'd the Ale,
Yea all of them did ſee thee drunk,
And heard thee ſwear which might thee ſunk:
Thou ſwear by G. twice openly,
Thou was not drunk as all did ſay;
How dares thou with thy brazen face,
Deny that thou did not tranſgreſs?
Which I have prov'd thou ſilly Brute,
By Gentlemen of good Repute,
None of them will, nor can deny:
What I've ſaid here in Poetry:
Yea thou was huſht out to the door,
When thou (like Hell) began to roar,
If Judges ſuffer this to paſs,
Each Country Clown may them minace.
Again on Saturday before,
Thou likewiſe was put to the door,
For Swearing, Curſeing, Drunkenneſs;
The Witneſſes for proof of this

s Mr. *Robert Robertſon,*
nd all that were that place upon,
lenkillry, *Whitehouſe* can declare,
What I've ſaid here, and meikle mair.
Who doubts the truth of this may ſpeer;
No Gentleman will be a *Liar.*
As what thou ſays upon my Name;
et any who can prove the ſame,
n all *Strahardle,* or *Glenſhee,*
r yet upon the Water of *Dee,*
Where moſt part of the Gentlemen,
f both the Countries do me ken:
ſay, ſhow one who can declare,
hey ſaw me drunk, or heard me ſwear;
r yet defile my Tongue or Pen,
r others Ears, ſpeaking prophane;
s thou doſt ſtill thou beaſtly Knave,
th ſwear, and curſe, yea drink and rave;
Terms obſcene, with Tongue and Pen,
pleaſe the *Devil,* or get Gain.
hou *Devil*'s Limb who dare once peep,
nd ſay for's, Life, that I ſteal'd Sheep,
one for their Necks, it dares to ſay,
le they by *Law* like Dogs ſhould dy:
thou would tell me ſo in Proſe,
l take my hand from off thy Noſe,
ſpight of all that'le take thy part,
make thee for the ſame to ſmart.
Invercald he laughs to hear
y Nonſenſe, ſilly common Liar,
cauſe thou ſayes he me refus'd,
r ſure for's gate he'd not me chus'd:
Yea when I was at *Aberdeen,*
better for to dight my Sheen
an thou, or he that patroniz'd thee,
d cry'd till he got one who chus'd thee:

But Sutors brats ſpeaks ay of sheen,
And unclean tyks of things unclean,
For this I witneſs thy foul ſpeeches,
Thou us'd in cleanſing *Kerrows* Breeches.
If thy ſight were as goods thy ſmell,
Which the attract to *Kerrow's* tail,
Thy reeling eyen had ſurely ſeen,
My Face and Noſe that both were clean,
Thy ſquaint looks makes thee miſs the mark,
The Swine ſees beſt into the dark.
Thou ſayes I by my ſilly Jeſts,
Intrudes my ſelf to others Feaſts,
I am not guilty of Intruſion,
For which thou gets oftimes Extruſion,
And muſt begone like any Beaſt,
For Blaſphemy and not for Jeſt.
I can jeſt with good Company,
And from offending keep me free,
But thou'rt a Beaſt void of all reaſon,
If not baſe dog ſhou'd hang'd for Treaſon,
For thy prophaning ſacred things
As holy Biſhops and great Kings.
As for Religion thou haſt none,
Thy Bible's ſure the Alcoran:
The holy Biſhops thou miſcalls,
And calls them Oxen fed in ſtalls;
Thou'rt not a Presbyterian,
The World knows they're not prophane,
Neither Drunkards, nor Blaſphemers;
No Quaker, for they're not Defamers;
No Papiſt, for thou keeps not Lent;
No Chriſtian, thou doſt not Repent;
The World knows thou'rt not a Jew,
Thou'll eat the fleſh of Pig or Sow,
Thou'rt Atheiſt, or Infidel,
Or ſhame a thing that Man can tell.

Thou ſayes there's ſome in this Country,
at knows thy hateful Pedegree,
hich if they do, they ſurely know,
e Dregs of all Men here below,
w Man or Woman of Repute,
o can commend them ſilly Brute.
ey are ſo baſe that thou denys them!
d why but others ſhould diſpiſe them?
what they are, and how they fare,
now not well, and leſs I care,
here with them I'll end compleat,
e Trees are ill, but worſe the Fruit.
s to thy Poetry and Railng,
ay thee for to mend thy ſpelling,
o appear write thou two pp's,
ewiſe to add put thou two dd's,
ice of two ff's is the better,
in each Line with a big Letter.
ſhould thou do each proper name,
thou to Poets art a ſtain,
enthesis, is moſt unfit,
end a Paragraph with it.
'll prove Defects, and odd Redundance,
d nonſenſe in thy Lines aboundance,
eſe things would Poets all diſgrace,
nong their Names thy Name to place,
ou ought to be whipt with the Taws,
auſe thou breaks the Grammer Laws,
re thou again with open face,
cept it be to thy Diſgrace,
urp or take a Poets Name,
y Ignorance diſgrace the ſame.
Thou dregs of ſhame, and all diſgrace,
ou ſcorn of time, thou ſtain of place,
no are ſank down to that degree,
ow the reach of Infamie.

Thou'rt Excremen of all the Creation,
For this, thy tongue and pen's probation,
Now when I've done, I've prov'd no more,
Than all who knew thee knew before,
To write more, might import as much,
As ſome believ'd thou were not ſuch.
Fall on again with all thy pith,
Try what thou'll gain from

Robert Smith

The Anſwer to the foregoing Lines. Thus begins.

THE Witneſſes whom thou doſt name,
I know They're Men of Note and Fame:
Yet none of them will ſay of me,
What is moſt baſely ſaid by thee.
If I did ſwear it was a Truth,
Which then proceeded from my Mouth,
To wit that then I was not drunk,
(Though thou with Ale was almoſt ſunk)
To ſwear the truth is not a ſtain,
Nor taking God's bleſs'd Name in vain,
If done with reverence as by me,
Who fears His Holy Majeſtie.
Thou mockeſt at my Chriſtian Name,
Why? It's becauſe thou'rt void of ſhame,
And of the fear of God and Grace,
When thou reviles my Name or Face.
Though I a *Jaſper* be on Earth,
Reſiding in the ſhire of *Perth*,
Thy purpoſe yet thou doſt not gain,
for thou all *Jaſpers* doſt diſdain,
and ſets before them *Vulcans* Art,
Who's ever in thy Mouth and Heart,
A Craig is a moſt ſure Foundation,
To build on it Fortification,

this which I may tell in Meeter,
ſt ſurnam'd his Apoſtle *Peter*,
ch ſignifies a Rock or Craig,
then thy ſill thou old blind Nagge;
e ere writ ſuch ſtupiditie,
n thy Lines is ſaid by thee.
o accident can be diſgrac't,
what e're Subject it be plac't,
ath it's being in another,
without Subſtance *Nonens* Brother.
hou likewiſe argues brutiſhlie,
k to make it Sophiſtrie,
whereby I did clearly prove,
Lucifer is ſtill above,
ſays the Devil got that name,
pray tell who gave him the ſame,
y, ſure its but a Brute,
ne his name I'll him confute,
ſees I to thy ſelf apeal,
yet thou conſtantly doſt fail,
never will wipe of the ſtain,
ord thou canſt not ſay again,
u canſt not anſwer to the matter,
till doſt rail and nothing better.
hou ſays I borrowed here two lines,
ch ſhows no wit within thee ſhines,
u blinded wretch whom all abhors,
re ſaw thou e're theſe lines before,
hold thy peace and lick the T--ds.
give *Calder* better words.
hou helliſh wretch whom all diſdain,
dares thou ſay I ſpeak profane?
t as profane thou didſt abhorr,
dicated here before,
thou rejects my clear probations,
Fo uſe of *Horace* I've Citations, *Paul*

Paul Epimenides doth cite,
to prove the vitiousness of *Crete*,
Even Heathens though they us'd such dictions
Were very far from thy base Actions,
Yea Christians do use,
As I can show thee if I please,
Montgomerie, *Polwart*, Men of note,
Have words as ill by every jot;
And so hath likewise *Samuel Colvill*,
the Son of Lady *Lizbeth Melvill*.
Does thou yet vindicat King *James*,
Whom every honest Man still blames;
I know he was a King by Birth,
Not sure by merit or by worth,
who e're they were did him Dethrone,
the fault was surely all his own,
His Tyranny the World doth know,
was worse than *Sauls* this I could show,
But since he's dead I'll let him ly,
Run to his grave in haste and cry,
That I against him did speak Treason,
yet on my side did still keep reason:
Likewise the just Laws of the Land,
Contemned by this fire-brand.
Thou sayest like a witless scullian,
That I'm ungrateful to *Dalrilyon*,
Whatever I said of his name,
I'm not ashamed of the same.
I made a Crostick to his Praise,
I understood not then his wayes,
My words agreed to my thought,
When otherways I saw he wrought,
I told but how he used me,
But rail'd not as thou, on *Glenshee*.
What holy Bishops does thou mean,
Is that the Priest of *Aberdeen*?

ſeems he was not very holy,
Whore provocked him to folly,
wit, the Lady of *P*-----*r*,
Who drew him in to a deep fur,
r rather into a deep ditch.
Or iſt't that Biſhop of *Dunkell*?
f whom our Hiſtorys do tell,
hat he bleſt God he never knew,
he Old Teſtament, or the New?
r is it *S*---*p* that Reverend Father?
Who chuſed a good Stipend rather,
han to be true unto his truſt,
o God and Man he was unjuſt;
he *Scottiſh* Church he did betray,
nd ſtrove to ruine it alway.
Or is he *P*------*n* by name?
Who ſuffered Reproach and ſhame,
e to a Lady gave a Ring,
nd with a Clout that wipt her Thing,
e upon Sunday dight his mouth:
ll perſons know I ſpeak the truth.
Or is it that the Ordination,
of it ſelf a holy Station?
lthough prophaneſt Men do uſe it,
Vhy then do Holy Men refuſe it?
ll hold thou'll not find *Diokeſis*
or Hierarchick *Kiberneſis*
the New-Teſtament Diſpenſation,
hey were but Types from the Creation,
ill Chriſt the Goſpel did diſplay,
Vhen he's come ſhould wear away.
Thou never can clear thy ſelf of Treaſon,
r thou'rt ſo void of Senſe and Reaſon,
hat even though thy Cauſe were juſt,
hou could not plead it witleſs beaſt.

Whaç

What hath thy ſtinking Noſe been ſmelling
When thou reproves me for my ſpelling,
for every one that's wrong in mine,
I'm ſure there's more than ſix in thine.
Where are theſe defects and redundance,
Of which thou ſays there are abundance
Into my Lines, I pray thee ſhow them,
That I my ſelf may likewiſe know them;
Show in my Lines a word of nonſenſe,
Or in thine own a word of bonſenſe,
I boldly challenge thee to do it,
Neglect not, ſince I put thee to it,
I'll yet aſſume a Poets Name,
To do which thou ſhould think great ſhame,
My little finger, or a lith
of it, will conquer filly *Smith*,
Go take thy Hammers ſhoe thy Nagge,
for thou'll not pick at

Jaſper Craig

Mr. Smith's *Anſwer to* Mr. *Craig*.

NOw *Craig* think ſhame of all thy Actions,
Thy ſhameful Swearing and Diſtractions,
Thy Drunkenneſs and thy Prophanneſs
And all thy Dictions of Uncleanneſs;
I'll prove it plainly in thy face,
And tell thee of thy own diſgrace.
Was thou not Drunk I thee enquire?
When I brought thee through many a Mire;
Yea many a time I'm ſure thou fell,
And made obeſance unto Hell.
Ask thou thy Maſter (graceleſs ſot)
Whether thou was Drunk or not?
When he dang thee by Argument,
Till thou began nonſenſe to vent,

For which thou did Appologize,
Upon the morn, and beg'd excuſe
Theſe generous Gentlemen can ſhow,
That thou was drunk like any Sow,
For which (as I ſaid heretofore)
They did extrude thee to the Door,
With great Blaſphemy in thy Mouth,
In Swearing to a great non-truth,
Thou ſwear by G. thrice (all did hear)
Thou was not drunk with Ale or Beer,
But thou was not what needed thou,
To Swear and Curſe thou was not ſow:
The World knowes that never an Oath,
Was needful to a known truth.
Yea when a Matter is in doubt,
With reverence it is gone about,
None ought to ſwear till call'd by Law,
Which thou was not as all Men ſaw.
To ſwear the truth, if 't be no ſtain,
Or taking His bleſs'd Name in vain,
If this be true: by what thou ſays,
The Saints in Heaven may ſwear alwiſe,
For ſurely every word is truth;
That doth proceed out of their Mouth,
This Doctrine ſure is of the Devil,
To ruine Souls in ſin and evil.
Although the Matter had been true,
Yet it was not thou Drunken Sow;
The Oath to vindicat is right,
But thou ſwear thrice againſt the Light;
For every Witneſs can atteſt,
Though that Death were at their breaſt.
But whoſo will may at them ſpeer,
And then thou'll know who is the Liar.
Thou ſays I mock thy Chriſtian Name,
No Chriſtian ever had the ſame,

Thou ſaid the *Jaſper* I did ſcorn,
The Heavenly Buildings did adorn.
And now thou ſays thou'rt upon Earth,
Reſiding in the Shire of *Perth*,
Conſider now thy Logick fictions,
Are they not obvious Contradictions!
Unleſs that *Jaſper* was the Throne,
Which *Beelzebub* did ſit upon,
It ſeems when he came down to Hell,
That *Jaſper ſtone* it with him fell;
For otherwayes it could not be,
In Shire of *Perth* and Heaven too.

Yea that which thou calls *Vulcans* Art,
(As ſaid before) it doth impart
More good to all who draweth Breath,
Than all the *Jaſper Craigs* on Earth,
By it all Mankind have their Bread,
Therefore it is the King of Trade.
Thy Tongue thy own Name loudly crys,
And ſets thy ſelf above the Skys;
But inſtantly thou falls to Earth,
And now *Lurks* in the Shire of *Perth*.
By Name and Surname thou'rt a Stone,
Moſt fit for Satans Ring and Throne;
A Craig, indeed a firm Foundation,
Fit for the Devils habitation.

An accident may be diſgrac'd,
If not upon fit Subjects plac'd.
Yea Beauty ſurely would be ſtain'd,
Sound Doctrine it would be prophan'd,
If thou of them had any part,
Becauſe the Devil has thy heart.

Yea *Nonens* it a being had,
Ev'n long before the World was made,
All Created Beings had their riſe,
From faultleſs *Nonens* non denys;

Nonens at firſt by God's Command,
urn'd Heaven and Earth, yea Sea and Land,
nd by his great word fill'd the Creation,
nd yet took nothing from its ſtation,
peak thou no more of ſpotleſs *Nonens*,
or all thy Arguments are nonſenſe,
I'll unto *Kirkwood* thee refer,
e calls the Devil *Lucifer*,
doth a hunder Thouſand more,
Who wit and Learning have in ſtore)
ook to his vocables thou'll ſee,
bright and obvious to thy Eye,
low hold thy peace and become mute,
ve prov'd thee in this Point a Brute.
Now here I'll prove thou inſerted
Of the Womans univerſe inverted)
wo Lines; becauſe of thy dull Brains
hou'rt forc't to beg from others ſtrains.
Thou monſtrous Map of all Uncleanneſs,
o vindicat thy baſe Prophanneſs,
low dares thou cite the bleſt St. *Paul*?
ven to the danger of thy Saul,
now thy Expreſſions graceleſs ſot)
n all the Books that theſe Men wrote;
hy'd rather chuſe to die on Swords,
han write or ſpeak ſuch prophane words,
ut thou by Lies would hide Tranſgreſſion,
nd go to Hell without Confeſſion.
Hold thou thy Tongue, baſe helliſh tyke,
eep ſilence dog, and no more ſpeak
f that brave Royal King, he's gone,
rom Earth to Heaven to a Throne,
Which Men nor Devils never can ſhake,
lor yet his Crown nor Scepter take:
hou ſays that thou (baſe Brute) could ſhow,
is Tyranny while here below,

For to be worse than *Saul's*; but Brute,
Tell out his Crimes, I'll thee confute,
But let the Dog bark at the Roe;
And Sutors bratts at Kings also,
The Rayen hates the pleasant Dove,
A Dog to Lambs had never Love,
Thou ought to cleanse thy stinking Mouth,
Yea even to speak of him the truth:
Thou art both void of sense and Reason,
Or else base Dog thou'd hang'd for Treason.
The Bishop of Old *Aberdeen*,
The Pious Life he lives is seen,
He Preaches every Sabbath-Day,
Although his Rents be tane away;
His Lady thou base dog calls Whore,
The World knows that thou'rt a Liar,
No Man can Whoredom on her prove,
And why but good Men might her love;
Though it had been as thou dost say,
Yea *Peter* did his L. deny,
No Man did it object to him,
But thou of *Satan* art a Limb;
For to show evils and hid good,
Thou'rt sure a Whelp of *Satans* brood.
As to the Bishop of *Dunkell*,
He might have said, (thy self some tell)
To wit, in's Life he never knew,
The Old Testament or the New;
And yet been as knowing a Man,
As is this day below Queen *ANN*.
The Scriptures they are so profound,
That few on Earth can reach their Ground,
Now each beheaded fool's so vain,
And thinks he can them all explain,
At no mysterious Points they'll stick,
Yet will each other Contradict.

nd as again to Biſhop *Sharp*,
him no Biſhop thou can carp,
was but a falſe Puritan,
d turn'd a Reverend Biſhop-Man,
d what thou ſays with thy foul Mouth
Paterſon, no Word is truth:
Man on Earth was ſo prophane,
cept thy ſelf whom all diſdain.
hou monſt'rous Map of all Tranſgreſſion,
y're blind who blames a good Profeſſion,
' ſome who it profeſs be evil,
ou art blind-folded by the Devil,
no makes thee thus to vent thy ſelf,
ce *Judas* he for love of Pelf,
one of C. own Family,
baſely did his Lord betray:
nas left the Faith of Chriſt,
thou *Dalryllian* Greedy beaſt;
Greed of gain, yet none can blame,
them the Chriſtian Faith or Name.
ſilly Dog thy Ignorance,
kes thee to utter ſuch Nonſenſe.
Biſhops were ordained to be,
C. and his *Apoſtles* too.
What though I find not *Diokeſis*
Hierarchick *Kiberneſis*
more will thou find Sacrament
he Old or New-Teſtament.
we find what doth equalize them,
ich makes the Chriſtian World to uſe them,
twelve *Apoſtles* had more Power,
n all the Chriſtian World I'm ſure;
y had both Power to bind and looſe,
blind Moles cannot judge of Hues:
ſpeak to thee of things Divine,
but Pearls to the Swine.

Thou ſilly Aſs no Man in Reaſon,
Can fix on me what's like to Treaſon,
If thou were not a ſenſeleſs Sow,
Thou'd hang'd for Treaſon long ere now.
Thou wretch of all Mankind moſt hateful,
Was thou not baſe and moſt ungrateful,
Unto *Dalrillian* who ſhow'd thee Pity?
When thou was ſtarveing at the City
Of *Edinburgh*, for lack of Bread,
When dighting Shoes was all thy Trade,
The Souter who at that time us'd thee,
Came ſeeking any Man to chuſe thee,
He fied thee without thy conſent,
And to *Dalrillian* North thee ſent.
After thy ſtarving in the South,
Dalrillians Praiſes fill'd thy Mouth,
As I have made thee to confeſs,
Thou monſtrous Map of all Diſgrace,
But beggars cannot bear of wealth,
Thou'll now diſdain to drink his health,
But rails on him to thy diſgrace,
Behind his back not to his face,
In's face thou dare not do the like,
Thou baſe unworthy Sutors Tyke.
If I ſpell'd wrong why did thou not,
Reprove me firſt? Baſe blockiſh ſot,
Which thou had done if thou had known,
An Error in mine, or thine own.
Thou art a Monkey that doth ſtrive,
To imitate what I contrive,
My way and method; for the ſame,
I witneſs how thou writs thy Name;
Thy dull Brain knew no method how,
To write ſo neat more than a Sow;
The Lines which I made on *Glenſhee*,
They were a Pattern unto thee,

Which thou did borrow for that end;
Then *Judas* like thou did intend
Me to betray, thou helliſh tyke,
No Heathen would have done the like
Thou'rt worſe than *Judas* or the Devills,
Thou ſource of Sin and ſpring of Evils,
Go back unto the *Stygian* Coaſts,
To thy Friends, the Infernal Ghoſts,
And ſee if they will yet recruit thee,
Go tell them how I ſtill confute thee.
Make haſte again with limb and lith
And Sulphur ſpew at

Roberi Smith.

Mr. *Craig* to Mr. *Smith.*

AN anſwer to that Damned Soul,
who in the mire of Sin doth roul,
And working ſtill againſt the Light
Of Conſcience Reaſon and of Right,
As he himſelf did teſtify,
Before a Famous Company,
Into *Dalrillian*, for he ſaid,
That he was very ſore affraid,
That making Rhymes it was a Sin,
Yet he continues ſtill therein,
And like his Maſter *Satan* roars,
Malicious words, which all abhores,
And ſtill in ſhew of ugly Rhymes,
His Soul will periſh for his Crimes.
The words bewray thine own Tranſgreſſion,
As well as thou'd make clear Confeſſion
If through the Mire thou did me lead,
I ſurely had a Drunken Guid,
For at that time the way was clean,
there before had never been.

elſe

else I would not have followed thee,
who was as full's the Ocean Sea.
Thou says when I did Argument,
that meikle nonsense I did vent.
Thou lying dog I spoke good sense,
not as thou dost about *Nonens*:
Yea though I did Appologize,
I needed not to beg excuse.
The Reverence that I to him owe,
I by Submission ought to show.
Though all thy Lies were real Truth,
thou'll quite thy challenge poor dull youth;
The Saints who lives upon the Earth,
are oftentimes so weak in Faith,
The real Truth for to attest,
Oaths are needful witless beast.
Thou says that *Nonens* had a Being,
Which *Ens* alone is signifying,
Both *Ens* and *Nonens* are the same,
In thy account thou Map of shame,
thou contradicts the plainest Axioms
And do'st gainsay the chiefest Maxims,
The same to be and not to be,
Is an Impossibilitie.
Yea in the Books which I did cite,
There are such words as I did write
Samuel Colvill mentions tricks,
Which are offensive to Mens P---ks,
he speaks of Ladys h--s of pleasure,
and of their circuit, and their measure,
Montgomery says he'll take the Taws,
And would therewith belt *Polwarts* B--s
Polwart in his reply again,
kiss the Cows C--t crys out right plain.
Yon King *James* shall make no tarry,
but only shall propose a Querie

Or two; to which make thou Reply,
And ſee if that prove Tyranny?
What did he to his Royal Brother,
If that had been done by any other,
That's commonly alledg'd he did
He would have loſt both Land and Head:
What way did he *Lord Eſſex* treat?
How ſtrove he for to Abrogat?
The Penal Statutes, and erect,
his Chappels Papiſts to protect?
How did he favour Church-mens Power,
When he inclos'd them in the Tower,
What kind of Method did he take,
When him his Forces did forſake?
Theſe Queries pray thee anſwer me,
nd then from Tyranny him free.
What tho' the *Apoſtles* had great Pow'r?
So hath the Church at this ſame hour)
None of them was above the reſt,
Thou Ignorant and ſtupid beaſt:
he *Apoſtles* ſure did Repreſent,
Chriſt's Church in the New-Teſtament,
Which conſiſts in equality,
nd not in Biſhops Hierarchy.
Thou ignorant and ſtupid Sow,
hough all that thou doſt ſay were true,
o Man of common ſenſe and Reaſon,
an ever make thee free of Treaſon.
nce thou has ſuch a great Relent,
t what's done by the Government:
thou be wiſe than hold thy Peace,
ſt thou come off with great diſgrace,
ou begging came unto *Glenſhee*;
o Creature elſe would pity thee,
ou thankful was to them indeed,
thee relieving in thy need:

Thou wrote on them baſe Lies and tales,
What then; thy tongue on ſome ſtill rails.
Go through *Braemare* deſcend to Hell,
And take the Devils word thy ſell,
that thou needs more their help than ever,
the upper hand gain thou can never,
Begin anew ſtrick with thy Pith,
And blow thy Bellows ſilly *Smith*,
Thou'll do though thou rage like a Plague,
No injurie to

Jaſper Craig

Smith to Craig.

AN anſwer to that ſilly brute,
Who thinks in Rhyme for to diſpute,
But when his Arguments him fails,
He falls in madneſs and he rails,
With helliſh words which all abhores,
And terms obſcene which he adores.
And yet the Beaſt pretends to be;
A great lover of Presbytrie,
Though each one knows they're not prophane;
By what is ſeen by Mortal Men;
That he from fools may get that name,
He ſtrives the Biſhops to defame;
But ſilly Dog, if they had place;
Thou would both call them Lord and Grace;
Thou would both worſhip and adore them:
Though thou pretends now to abhore them:
But little worſe are they or I,
Of all a ſtupid Brute can ſay,
Though thou rail till thy Lungs grow hoarſe,
Our Fame is ne're a Pin the worſe.
Though thou aſcribes to me Damnation,
Poor ſilly Dog thou wants *Probation*,

W

Was it becauſe I ſaid that in,
Making of Lines, there wants not ſin,
If thy beſt Works from ſin be free,
There's none on Earth can equal thee;
Since Mens beſt Works are ſinful; ſure
Making of *Lines* cannot be pure,
Nor altogether free from ſin,
Nor any Action Men Acts in.
My Verſes whoſo them compares,
To thy Devotion or Prayers;
They'll find they do them far exceed,
In every Point of what is good.
Thou filthy beaſtly wretch all know,
Thou to all goodneſs art a foe,
Railing on Ladies, Biſhops, Kings,
Such Songs to *Satan's* praiſe thou ſings,
No marvel though thou rail at me;
Thou art a beaſt all perſons ſee;
Thou knows thy Ears thou'rt like to loſe,
Both for thy ſtinking Rhyme and proſe;
Thou ſtill reviles all ſacred things,
And ſpits thy gall at Prieſts and Kings,
Whom all good Men will reverence,
But ſilly Dog thou'rt void of Senſe,
Good *David* he did honour *Saul*,
And Biſhops were ordain'd by *Paul*,
The holy Scripture doth adviſe,
Not to ſpeak ill of Dignities.
I bad thee ſhow forth the Kings Crimes,
Thou ſaid (into thy ſtinking Rhymes)
Were worſe than *Saul's*; but ſilly ſop,
Well doth thy Neck deſerve the Rope:
Inſtead of ſhowing, thou doſt ſpeer
His Crimes, thou baſe Son of a Whore;
For proof thou runs to common fame,
Which nothing's falſer than the ſame;

A common Fame proves oft a Lye,
Thou ſink of all iniquity;
What though he ſtrove to abrogate;
The Penal Statutes what of that?
A Man to favour's own Profeſſion,
Is ſure in him no great tranſgreſſion,
Thou Sink of Sin and all diſgrace,
Thy Tongue can ne're his praiſe make leſs,
A Sow hates all ſweet ſmelling things,
A webſters brat here rails at Kings.
But let the Swine lick the Dung-hills,
And eat of Excrements their fills:
Baſe unclean Sow, grunt in the Mire,
Becauſe it is thy ſole deſire;
It is for thee a fitter thing,
Than once to name a Queen or King,
The Holy Biſhops repreſent,
The Twelve *Apoſtles* Government:
The Stars which are in Heaven bright,
They are not all of equal Light;
Neither the Lights on Earth that be,
Are they of equal Dignitie.
The twelve *Apoſtles* had more pow'r
Than all the ſeventy had I'm ſure,
Some were Prophets, ſome were Teachers,
Some Apoſtles, ſome were Preachers,
Paul caus'd the Churches make Collections,
For to ſupply the Poor's Defections,
He gave Commandments to the reſt,
As his Epiſtles can atteſt.
This differs ſurely in degree,
And jumps not in Equalitie.
Baſe Dog thou can ſay now no more,
Though lately thou like Hell did roar
Againſt the Biſhops and the King,
That thou might Satans praiſes ſing.

Go now keep ſilence helliſh Swine,
peak no more of theſe Men *Divine*,
have them vindicated all,
rom all that thou can write or rail.
Unworthy Beaſt all thou haſt ſhow'd,
lath not thy ugely Dictions prov'd,
'll ſcorn thy words here to rehearſe,
o fyle my Pen, or ſtain my verſe.
Yea even to be, and not to be,
s no impoſſibilitie;
o be a blue and not be yellow,
lay not this be thou brutiſh fellow?
low where is all thy Logick now?
hou Ignorant unlearned *Sow*.
laſt thou of *Logick* any ſenſe?
When I have beat thee with *Nonens*.
I came not begging to *Glenſhee*:
he beſt of them they wrote for me,
o Mr. *Adam*, and *Dalmore*,
nto whoſe Houſe I was before,
ecauſe they heard my good repute;
was not like to thee (a Brure)
hat ſent a Sutor ſeeking help,
o thee a ſtinking creaſhy Whelp,
hou liv'd upon his Charity,
ill he was fain to ſhift for thee.
Now *Craig* thou'rt vanquiſh'd dead and gone,
et this thy Tomb be write upon.
The Corps of *Craig* lyes here in duſt,
inking, Rotting in his Luſt,
e was the Excrement of Evils,
nd now he's gone to dwell with Devils;
ere lyes his Body as ye ſee,
he very dregs of Infamie,
ere let it ly; and ſtink in duſt,
nd's Name like *Judas* ay accurſt.

But

But now behold how he goes to his poſt,
You'll ſee how he wins o're the *Stygian* Coaſt.

Craig *and* Charon, *When* Craig *comes to the River* Styx.

Cr. O *Charon Charon.* hoy; come o're in haſte,
That I may of the Pile of Brimſton taſte.
Ch. What are you? Or why do you ſo brag?
Cr. A hoy come o're 'tis poor *Jaſper Craig*;
Who lewdly liv'd while I liv'd Earth upon,
And now am come to poſſeſs my own.
Ch. What was your poſt? Or what was your Em-
Cr. I wallow'd in all ſort of Earthly Joy.
Ch. But you muſt tell what you've done for you
Then I in haſte to him the word will bring.
Cr. I did concurr ſtill to advance his Cauſe,
I oft broke G--s, but ſtill I keept his Laws,
I Swore, I drank, I did carouſe and lye;
Yea I was guilty of Prophanity.
Ch. But did you nothing more at all but this?
Cr. I wallowed in all ſort of Wickedneſs.
Who did me truſt, I did them ſtill betray;
And *Judas* like I loved Money ay:
With *Cain* I ſtrove my Brother for to kill,
I keep't my ſelf from nothing that was ill.
And every one who to me good did ſhew,
I ſtill to them more diſaffected grew:
Go tell my Maſter I have acted more,
Than any that croſt over here before.

Charon goes to the Devil, and ſays.

Ch. There is upon the Rivers other ſide,
One that's endu'd with horrid greed and Pride,
With Luſt, Envy, and every other Crime,
That was commit ſince the firſt hour of time.
D. Go then, and ſee what poſt he will aſſume,
And I ſhall cauſe the great ones here make roo

Ch. Your Maſter ſpeers what poſt you'll pleaſe to take,
Be ye be allow'd to croſs the lake,
And you muſt alſo pay to me ſome hire,
Before I you admit to this Empire.
Cr. Go ſhow my Maſter I'll content my ſell,
With any poſt he'll give to me in Hell;
And when he's once acquainted well with me,
I hope by him I ſhall preferred be.
As for your hire I have a Crown which I
Ungrateful wone, my Charges to defray,
For which, I left him who did me moſt good,
Becauſe I knew I was to croſs this Flood.
Ch. Fone great advancer of your Kingdoms, he's
Content to take what ever poſt you pleaſe,
D. Go then in haſte and bring him to this Region,
If he be fit, I'll ſet him over a Legion.
Then *Charon* he ſets on his flamming Oars,
Which in theſe Waters as the Thunder roars,
Until the Echo anſwers from the ſhores.
He firſt paſt *Lethe*, then throw *Styx* in flame,
And at the laſt to drunken *Craig* he came.
In haſte he in his veſſel him receives,
And then unto the other ſide he drives;
And at the laſt in *Orcum* he arrives;
Where *Pluto* came, with him came *Proſerpine*,
To welcome *Craig*, for him ſhe'd never ſeen.
Which made his hair at firſt to ſtand upright
He was affrighted with this ghaſtly ſight.
Then *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* did make,
This ſweet harangue, to this admitted ſnake.
Infernal Powers who're all at our command,
Riſe and take this fellow by the hand,
And let him have from every one his due,
And give him Bowls of Brimſton till he ſpue:
And of my nectar; Tarr, with Rozen mixt;
And let him in the warmeſt room be fixt. This

This is the end poor *Craig* was treated with,
He'll ſpue no more his Gall at *Robert Smith*.

Upon the Duke of Athols *Hunting,*
Where Men with Swords the Deer were dunting.

Parnaſſus Mount and *Helicon* that fills
Earth with your Fame, yield to *Atholian* Hills
Your long retained praiſe, for ſurely they
Are worthy ſince they do you far outvy
For Mirth, for Game, Society and ſport,
And pleaſant Muſick of the beſt Conſort.
Mars and the Muſes here at once they join,
The Muſes only were but found in thine.
Our Hills *Parnaſſus* they do far outvy,
And ſtrives t' exalt their tops above the Skye,
Here Noble Princes, and moſt Noble Lords,
As *Britain* can produce in her Records,
Are come to take their Recreation here,
Aud ſee the Sport, betwixt Men, Dogs and Deer.
The Prince himſelf he is moſt meek and mild,
The Men are Martial, and the Deer moſt wild.
Which of the three, the other doth excell,
For Meekneſs, Manhood, Madneſs, who can tell?
The Prince in meekneſs, who can once compare?
With him, or who can claim an equal ſhare?
None but theſe Nobles him aſſociates here.
Noble *Douglaſs* of them leads the Ring,
With *Elcho*, *Gray*, and *Athols* bleſt Off-ſpring,
Noble *Nairn*, and brave *Newton*, *Grahame*,
Meſſon, *Glenlyon*, *Ochtertyre* by Name,
Yea many more whoſe Praiſes to rehearſe,
Would fill whole Volumns & make end leſs verſe.
'Tis only great Games that great Souls can pleaſe,
'Tis below the lofty Eagle to catch flies,
They can endure Hardſhip, Fatigue and Toil,
And yet a Glory to the *Britiſh* Soil,

Like *Athols* Souldiers, none in any Lands,
Quick, Swift, well hearted & moſt prompt in hands;
For ſurely if the Devil would appear,
They'd kill him in the likeneſs of a Deer, (them,
On Earth I'm ſure there's none that can command
But their moſt Juſt, Illuſtrious Prince among them,
Long may their Glorious Prince live on their head,
And Heaven enjoy, when to this World has dead,
*Athol*ian Hills, they'll Swear who have you croſt,
You hold more Deer, than *Etna's* Flames could roſt

POSTSCRIPT.

FRom Noble *Athol* I've received more,
Than from all thoſe e're got my Lines before:
For all the reſt a Virtue has untold,
I Swear they are not Prodigal of Gold:
Let *Bacchus* Friends them Praiſe for ſure *Apollo's*,
Can never call them Liberal or good Fellows.
For if my Pen ſhall turn as Sweir's their Purſe,
I fear this is the laſt I'll write in Verſe,
O *Athol* great! With Virtues all poſſeſt,
The Love of Gold is not in *Athol's* Breaſt.

F I N I S.

PART. II.

To the Memory of Mr. Alexander Campbell *ſometime a Preacher*, Sed ſemper ſine ſtipendio.

MIſfortunate in every thing,
He hath been all his Life,
n Arms he roſe againſt his King,
For Stipend and a Wife;
ut Gods juſt hand did him confound,
And all Men did him hate,

For Providence hath cast him down
Unto a low estate:
For he his own doth not possess,
He Stipend never got,
He Preach't although he wanted Grace,
Yet greed he wanted not.
He never car'd to feed the Flock,
But he would fleece them fain,
Not Souls to Christ, but means a stock
That he desir'd to gain.
Yet Providenee him still keeps Poor,
And under such disguise,
To every one he doth appear
Madder far than wise.
He'll be no more a Puritan,
They are not liberal;
Nor will he be a Bishops man,
Their Power is now so small.
But give him Gear and Worldly Pelf,
His heart it is so evil,
He'd sell his Soul, Service and Self,
With good will to the Devil,
Contentedly his hands would hold
Poor Earth, for his abode;
The Heavens, he would give for Gold;
For Worldly Pelf, his God.
But stay my Muse, go on no more;
It's but a silly jest:
Since thou of Subjects hast such store,
Writ no more on a Beast.

A Reply to the same by Mr. Alexander Cambel *all*
Padaua, *Entituled thus,* To the Rifty Poet
Strahardle and *Glenshee*. Mr. *Robert Smith.*

HE whom thou rails at, begs thee still to wri
Not out of friendship to be sure, but spite;

For as a Piſs-pot thrown with aukward force,
Againſt a Wall, returns upon its fource;
Even ſo thy dull attempts miſſing their aim,
Brand with Diſgrace, thy once beſpotted Name:
For all that have thy naſty Verſes ſeen,
Judge them the Product of a Beggers ſpleen.
So one wild Whore abandon'd to her ſhame,
And ſtarv'd with hunger all Mankind doth blame,
Pinching in each dark corner of the ſtreets,
Spits out her harmleſs gall on all ſhe meets,
While mocking Crouds indifferently paſs by,
And bids the uſeleſs wretch curſe God and dye.

A Duply or another Satyr,
On Mr. Campbell *Mendicator.*

IS *Balaams* Aſs again become alive?
That did this nonſenſe (verſe) contrive?
But ſhe did ſpeak with much more witt,
A larger ſhare ſhe had of it,
Than *Padaua* that wrote this Verſe,
And ſent them me to wipe my A--s
Thou begs of me that I may write,
I think a Beaſt deſerves not ſpite;
And if I to thee favour ſhow,
I caſt but Pearls to a Sow.
Thou bears the name of a Divine,
But lives a life like Dogs or Swine;
Of Wonders it was not the leaſt,
That they ſhould graduat a Beaſt.
Thou calls my Verſe, Beggers Spleen,
Which I am not as may be ſeen,
I have an honeſt occupation,
Becoming both my Name and Station;
But thou ſtill begs, as all Men knows,
Thy ſtock would ſcarce maintain thee broſe,

And pinching hunger doth thee preſs,
Becauſe thou eats to ſuch exceſs,
As would aſhame Mankind to ſee,
Or ſit with thee for gluttonie.
Thou ſays I Rail (behind my back)
Becauſe of thee the Truth I ſpake,
Thou with thy own Tongue did confeſs,
That all Men ſaid thou wanted Grace.
Thou ſaid thou was a Puritan,
Only for greed of worldly gain;
So theſe Premiſſes do make good,
The Lines wherewith I did conclude.
When we were face to face, thou knows,
Thou durſt not ſpeak in verſe or proſe,
Thou Set, thou's tane theſe three Months time
To ſet thy baſe nonſenſe in Rhyme,
And yet expreſſions thou doſt uſe,
Which would affront a Poets Muſe.
No marvel at the Preaching Trade,
Though thou could never gain thy Bread,
Thou Whoriſh, Drunken, Godleſs Glutton,
For Beer and Wine, for Beef and Mutton,
For Aquavity, Ale and Brandy,
Thou'd call thy ſelf the Devils *Sandy*,
And would for ever with him dwell,
Into the loweſt Pit of Hell;
But Drink and Eat while thou art here.
For there thou wilt get harſher cheer,
Even bowls of Brimſton from the Lake,
Whereof all Drunkards do partake,
But hold Pen: As I ſaid before,
Upon a Beaſt writ thou no more.

To Mr. Campbel *and his Aſſocians.*

BUt if ſome other drunken Aſs,
Has tane thy part, me to minace,

value not your Brain-ſick heads;
ſcorn your favours, begs your ſeads
hough both your Bullets fly like ſhowers,
l make my Pen raiſe up new Towers,
le to defend from all your ſhots,
ou Idle, Drunken, Brain-ſick ſots,
e make my Pen guſt in my Noſe,
hat I'm neceſſitat to cloſe.

In Imitation to Montroſe *Lines on K.* Ch. *the* 2*d.*

IF I had Pens in number as the ſand,
If Seas were Ink, and every herb a hand;
hough years I liv'd million of millions told,
nd had the Genius of an Angel bold:
ens, Ink and Hands, yea, time, and all would (fail,
efore I could thy worthy Merites tell.

An Acroſtick upon a young Man who deſired to be made Famous by Verſe any way.

CHurliſh, Greedy, Ignorant and Vain:
Hugging Earth, deſpiſing Heavenly Gain;
n Excrement of Earth, to Heaven hateful,
Regards not Man, to God ungrateful;
Loving to be for folly Cannoniz'd,
Endangering his Soul, with Whores abus'd,
o he may wiſh he had not been Baptiz'd.
Small in Vertue, great in every Vice,
Much given to Lying, Curſing, Carde and Dice,
A Man that loves to be cry'd up for Evils,
Longing to be a Fiend among the Devils.

To the Tune of the Earl of Aboyne.

WHat is it that can move the Hearts of Men to (Love
Theſe things which are tranſitory,

For

For those that highest be, them presently we
Divested of all their Glory.
This World that I see now present to mine eye,
It is all turn'd round in a motion,
Even as the wind doth blow, and makes the Se
Raising storms in the Ocean.
For those that have Estates, are most enthral'd
What Pleasur's in all their glory,
The fool oftimes enjoys the labour of the wise,
This World is so transitory.
Do we not see the great to covet the Estate,
Of the Poor that's far below them,
And them they do envy, because at home they
Though they be providing to them.
The poorer sort they say how happy are they,
That lives in Pomp and in Honour,
And every one envys, what Providence denies,
And grudges at his Donor.
The great ones will not yield their hands to pl
But for Honour still they're aspiring,
The Lawyers Tongues are sold, for Money and
Still getting, and still desiring.
O happy thrice is he, if any such there be,
Whose Contentment exceeds his treasure,
And whose lot is such, as not to covet much,
But in what he hath, takes Pleasure.
Diogenes he had more pleasure in his shade,
Than he that all the World enjoyed,
In peace he laid him down, and quiet sleep he fo
And of no Man he was envyed.
Alexander's vast Empires they breed him vast
He had all things, yet not contented,
Which the Earth could afford to him that was
And for lack of more Worlds he lamented.
I'd rather join with *Pan* for to be a rustick *Swa*
Than to be a Peer of the Nation,

r to feed my Flocks, on the Mountains & Rocks,
And be freed from all vexation:
ith *Diana* I will ſing, and ſport me in the ſpring
And will go with the Nymphs a huntings
nd there we will behold our pleaſures manifold
In the Valleys, as in the Mountains. (appears,
the ſpring of the year when the tender graſs
And all the Herbs are a ſpringing, (Flowers,
hen we will ſtrew our Bowers about with pleaſant
And recreat our ſelves with ſinging, (do abound
Ve'll hear the Rocks reſound, with th' Birds that
Whoſe Voices are as pleaſant Muſick,
nd round about our Bowers ther'll ſpring the plea-
Which are all moſt fit for Phyſick. (ſant flowers
mbition, wrath nor hate, ſhall not trouble my Eſtat
Though I be of the meaneſt ſtation, (Wives,
hen I'll laugh at the lives of thoſe oppreſt with
Though they were the Peers of the Nation.

To the Tune of Katharin Oggie.

YOu Muſes all both great and ſmall
Aſſiſt my Pen, the matter,
t is ſo bright, makes me delight
o praiſe this comely Creature.
nto whoſe face is ſuch a grace,
cannot but admire her,
Her other Parts with Wits and Arts
Makes me ſo much deſire her.

2.

There is no Muſe that would refuſe
To yield unto this Creature.
No Man on Earth that draweth breath,
Is able to draw her ſtature
The Goddeſſes in their fineſt dreſs,
Muſt all bow down before thee
Appollo ſings thy praiſe on ſtrings,
And all the Gods adore thee.

We

3.

Venus fair makes no compare
With thee, for all her beauty,
Rich *Juno* she must yield to thee,
Although both Proud and haughty;
Mercurius would surely blush,
For to speak out before thee,
Minerva sayes thou's win the Prize,
Says *Orpheus* I'll adore thee.

4.

Yea all the gods and goddesses
They do most highly prize thee,
The Raggs of meanness though on thee,
They cannot all disguise thee,
Yea, *Cœsus* Self with thy sweet self,
Comes not in competition;
More than the Reigns and Crowns of Kings,
I covet thy fruition.

5.

Her Eyes are as the brightest Skys,
Or Stars into *December*,
They ravish me when I them see,
The goddesses attend her.
The sweetest Flowers in *Ceres* Bowers,
Her breath doth far surpass them.
Her Properties and Elogies
Thete's none that can express them.

6.

If't were my fall or fortunes call,
To pass through *Ætnas* burnings,
I could make chuse without refuse,
Thy Thoughts could repel Mournings,
The roaring Seas I'd not refuse
To cross or venture for thee,
The proudest waves or *Neptuns* jaws,
Should not my heart make sorry.

7.

If as much Land I could command,
Or Men as *Alexander*,
When I thee see, I could make thee
More than the half Commander;
Renouned she of all may bee,
She's the Diadem of Beauty,
And to set forth her matchless worth,
She's neither Proud nor haughty.

8.

No created brain, nor *Cherubs* Pen,
Can praise thee Right nor fitly,
Nor any Muse that Man can chuse
Can thee describe compleatly,
Whom all admires and much desires,
Can I but truely love thee?
And wish to thee Prosperity,
That Fate may never move thee.

Upon the viewing of the stately Palace of Glams, Extempore.

ILlustrious *Lyon* in *Angus-shire* doth dwell,
Into a Palace which others all excell,
It's Buildings sute none can on Earth define;
Mimus no more, nor *Momus* can Repine;
If they it saw, they surely would desire,
To see it more, for all do it admire.
Into the midest of that Shire it lys:
And far excels them all for Rarities,
It Curious Works on every side doth grace,
Such as are seen into no other place,
Twixt it and others, there is as great odds,
As is betwixt frail Mortal Men and Gods.
Too vast a Subject its for *Ovids* Pen,
Or *Virgils* Stile: or the most Learned Brain:

To write, to paint, or ſet it rightly forth,
According to it's beauty and it's worth.
I do believe, the gods have built the ſame,
For none on Earth is able once to Name,
Far leſs deſcrive it's matchleſs worth aright,
Which is ſo glorious, ſplendid, ſhining, bright:
There, all may ſee the great wonders of Arts,
Without, within, and round on all its parts.
Particulars, I do not here deſcrive,
But them I will to the Beholder s leave,
Who may behold, what would great Volumns fil
But are too high a Subject for my quill.
It is too great for any Subject, ſave
For him and his, who builded it ſo brave,
It's Loyal Lord is ſprung off Ancient Kings,
Whoſe Royal Off-ſpring over our Lands yet Reign
I wiſh his Houſe and Off-ſpring ever be
On Earth Renoun'd, unto Eternitie:
And when the courſe of this frail Life doth end,
His Name and Glory, farer may extend;
Even far above the Lucid Stars and Sky,
And live in Heaven throughout Eternity.

Upon Writing with the Left hand, Extempore.

I Wiſh the Left-hand try'd to write,
As with that Brain I alwiſe dite,
I've quot the Left, and tane the Right,
I'd change my Brain ſo, if I might.

Upon the Conſideration of the Stars.

WHen I behold the Lucid Stars of Light,
With ſparkling Rays, bright ſhining in th
My Soul is raviſh'd when I meditate, (Nigh
On his great Power who did thoſe Bodys creat;
Thoſe glorious Creatures Dance, Run & Rejoic
To ſerve their Maſter in the Ætherial Skyes. N

No Reſt, no ſloth, no ſlow delay poſſeſs
Thoſe Lucid Veſſels, in their foreward race;
Each one his rank in perfect order keep,
And ſome doth watch, when others ſeem to ſleep.
No Emulation nor Envy they know,
Unlike to us, vile Miſcreants below,
The mean envys the Grandour of the High,
Yea few's content with what they do enjoy,
Not ſo above, for there they all accord,
In perfect peace to ſerve their Holy Lord:
Each one's content with what he doth poſſeſs,
A Joy is ſeen to ſparkle in each ones Face,
They ſerve their God, they grudge not nor demur
No hate from Heaven nor Earth do they incur,
They through thick Darkneſs do their light diſplay
Till fair *Aurora* Uſhers in the day,
And *Sol* their Prince begins for to appear,
And bids thoſe watchful Sentinels retire
He then his light throughout the Earth doth ſpread
With bluſhing face to have lyn ſo long a Bed.

Upon the Honourable David Spalding *of* Aſhentully.

David he was for Meekneſs Grace and Worth,
Above the Learn'deſt Pen to ſet him forth.
Valiantly he *Iſrael* did Govern,
In things both good and bad, he did diſcern,
Doubtleſs thou dideſt from this *David* Learn.
Sweet, *Loving*, *Meek*, may ſure thy Motto be
Put to thy Arms in Books of *Heraldrie*,
A generous ſp'rit thou haſt, a pleaſant grace,
Loving to help all who are in *Diſtreſs*,
Delighting ſtill in Mercy, Peace and Love
In all thy Deeds all baſe things thou'rt above,
Nothing that's vile can harbour in thy breaſt,
Guile, Fraud, Deceit, to thee's no welcome gueſt

Love, Honesty, Peace and Truth is the aim,
At which thou levels still with might and main
In every thing thou shows thy self to be,
Righteous, and from all Malice free,
Delightful *David* sure belongs to thee,
On Vice the gates of thy pure heart are shut
For evermore, and they away are put.
A generous Soul to all what's good inclin'd,
Shows forth thy worth as doth thy loving mind,
Honour attend thee, Piety support thee,
Eternal Mercy let it alwise fort thee.
No Hate, Envy, does thou to any bear,
Thou loves all Mankind, and thy God dost fear:
Unmov'd for ever let thy Familie
Live and abound, in Peace and Sanctitie.
Long may it stand, and greater may it grow
In Vertue, and with all goodness flow, (Dew.
Even as the Plants that're blest with Heav'ns

SInce fickle fortune she,
Upon me frowns,
And I'm in miserie,
Thou me disowns.
Yet still I'll wish to thee
All Health, Prosperitie,
And will for ever be
Thy slave in Bonds.
For me I must confess,
I am too vile
In thy Heart to find place,
Or have a smile,
From that sweet Lips of thine,
Where Rose like Colours shine,
Thy Breath excells the Wine
O sweetest soil,
Into thy comely Face,

All

l Beauty ſhine,
cked with ſuch a grace,
re it's Divine:
Where *Venus* doth diſplay,
Her Features only gay,
Which makes my ſp'rits to ſay,
O if 't were mine.

But I cannot ſhow forth,
or can I praiſe
y ſurly matchleſs worth,
y Senſes maze,
Although thou me abhore,
I'll love thee more and more,
And alwiſe thee adore
And glory raiſe.

Yea though I pine away
r love of thee,
y Tongue ſhall ever ſay,
y Dear is ſhee,
And ſhall be Day and Night
Her I'll love with my might,
And therein will delight
Until I die.

I ever ſhall Rejoice,
hen I ſhall hear
at thou makes happy choiſe,
y deareſt dear,
Although thy love me kill,
And thou ſhould hate me ſtill
I'll never wiſh thee ill
O matchleſs Peer,

When I hear of thy grief,
bear a part
ough that be ſmall relief
thy ſweet heart,
Yet while thy Heart is ſad

Then

Then mine ſhall not be glad,
It's be in ſorrows clad
And feel Griefs ſmart
Thy ſlave with weeping *Eyes*
Bids thee farewell,
In bitter grief he crys,
And pains doth feel:
Therefore I bid adue
My deareſt dear to you,
My Love ſhall ay be true
And firm as ſteel.

A Satyr on Presbyterian Supplicant, for Swearing contrar Oaths.

ALL you that Lovers are of Sport,
Come all and unto me reſort;
And I unto you all ſhall tell,
Of one that's riding poſt to Hell,
And's making haſte with might and ſpeed
For to paſs over the *Stygian* Flood,
To *Charon* he will be a croſs;
If he bring over *John Burnets* Horſe,
The Cauſe why this I let you ſee,
Is for his Oaths of Perjury,
It is well known unto you all,
Although to you I ſhould not tell,
That he did ſwear in *Banchory's* School,
That *Brown* puſht not with Durk nor Tool,
But ſoon he goes to *Edinburgh*,
And there did Swear another Oath.
When he came there he got a Wigg,
And then he ceas'd to be a Whigg,
And with the Wigg he got a Hat,
Which made him ſwear he knew not what:
He pretends to drink no Wine or Ale,
But for eight pounds *Scots* his Soul did ſell.

Which *Inchmairly* gave *John Hunter* leſs,
Becauſe his Soul he could not ſtreſs.
Good Sir, if ye'd kept up your purſe,
This Man had been freed from the Curſe
Of Man! Thy Conſcience has been wide
The fear of God thou's laid aſide,
Which thou and every one may ſee,
To Swear Oaths of Contraritie,
All you that Lovers are of Chriſt,
Pray with him keep no more tryſt,
Except it be to bring him in,
To ſee a ſight of his great ſin;
For Chriſt himſelf bids us beware
Of Wolfs that Wedder Skins do wear.
Which ye may ſee they're of that ſtock,
That's forſaken Chriſt and's little flock;
With *Demas* he's forſaken *Paul*,
Though to the ruin of his Saul;
But Prayers long he will not want,
Though he of Charity be ſcant.
He thinks not meikle of this grace,
In his Opinion it wants place.
With *John* he'll ſhow his great zeal,
That all his faults he may conceal,
He'll go from this to *Aberdeen*,
To Sacraments for to be ſeen;
And as though there he got it nought,
Straight on he marches unto *Eight*,
Ere it be done he'll have't at *Skeen*,
As it before he'd never ſeen;
At *Clunie* he right ſoon will be,
And at *Kincragieleſly* too;
And from this, he'll have't at *Birſs*,
And ſure he will not miſs't at this;
Of one *Strahan* once a Paſtor had,
Of that this Man would be right glade; That

That he might get some Bread and Wine;
And after that a little Coin.
Yea at *Midmar*, he will not scar,
The Sacrament he will have there,
By this he'll view the Presbytrie,
Except four, up the Water of *Dee*.
Good Ministers if ye keep back
Your Silver, this Mans Heart will break,
And happ'ly run to dispair,
And cease a Whigg to be Mair.
Good Minister I pray you now,
To take good heed what ye do,
If Ignorants ye do debar,
I pray you of this Man bewar.
Therefore let him be set apart,
Till God break in upon his Heart.
Hypocrite's of so small a threed,
That few can know if it be good;
Therefore take ye the better tent,
See if in heart he do relent,
Let not Religion more be stain'd,
Nor yet God's holy Name prophan'd,
Many Religion makes the Cloak,
The sacred Name of God to mock,
But if this be intends to do,
He'll perish sure eternallie;
And with *Judas* he'll keep tryst,
Who for Money sold's Master Christ;
And now in Prison he is fast,
Though back the Money he did cast;
And so will he ere long be there,
If he go on false Oaths to Swear.
No more I'll add no more I'll say,
But leave him till the Latter Day,
When he must give account for all,
And so to you I bid farewell.

In Anſwer to a Letter in mock to the People of Brae-mar, *giving an account of the Country and Gentle-men thereof.*

THE laſt from *Birſs* I did receive,
Makes me believe they're turn'd to rave;
cauſe they ſpoke of Monſters here;
ith us no ſuch thing do appear.
nd did nor *Cato* me adviſe,
ould you argue otherwiſe:
herefore ſuch things I will not uſe;
or yet my Country ſcandalize,
t of this place I ſhall you tell,
is right pleaſant where I dwell.

Here in the place of my Repoſe,
I want not Friends, I fear not Foes;
uch I delight here to abide;
us the Rivers ſwiftly glyde.
motion ſwift they will not ſtay,
ntill your Country they paſs by,
nd ſtill they're reſtleſs in their motion;
ll they're disbog'd into the Ocean.
ery well ſpring in motion goes,
ll it in *Thetis* lap repoſe.
ſo the Hills here us they hedge,
ith mighty Rocks and ſtony *Craigs*,
here Connies ſleep and make their Beds,
ith *Birſy* Goats, and wanton Kids.
ſo the Woods they us ſurround;
here Birds do make a pleaſant ſound,
nd with their Voices ſweetly ſing,
nd doth extoll their God and King,
ho did them create; they with their Tongues,
eet praiſes to him give in Songs:

They in the Branches ſing moſt ſweet,
When ſinful Man is faſt aſleep:
Although they have no count to give,
They praiſe their maker while they live.
Here likewiſe ſpacious Forreſts are,
To feed Roe-Bucks and fellow *Deer*;
The Meads are plenteous of ſweet graſs,
To feed both Heifers, Stags and Horſe.
We've Gardens here with Flowers full bright,
Which to the ſmell is great delight;
Here grows tall Firrs where builds the Storks,
(With limber Twiggs and ſlender Birks)
Whoſe lofty tops to Heaven they raiſe,
With mighty Winds makes dreadful noiſe.
As brick was thick into *Jeruſalm*,
When overthrown by *Veſpaſians* Son:
So in this place here lies tall Trees,
When once *Æolus* angry flees;
When in his rage he wanders Woods,
And throws tall Trees in running Floods,
He makes them here in heaps to ly,
When he rides angry through the Sky:
But for his feed we care not much,
The ſtation of our dwellings ſuch,
That he can do us little harm,
Though he his Captains four ſhould arm,
For *Notus* he cannot us heat,
For Hills which are before our gate;
And though *Aquilo* riſe in rage;
He muſt go back by force of Craigs.
Favonius with his thundering Voice,
Cannot approach us with his force,
Nor *Subſolanus* us affright;
Mountains ſurrounds us of ſuch hight.
Though each of thoſe his Brother implore,
Yet for their feeds we care no more,

Than Wolfs for Number of the Flocks;
Or ſharpeſt Ax for hardeſt Oaks.
Vulturnus we can laugh and ſcorn,
For *Boreas* we ſhall not mourn,
Nor can *Caurus* make us affraid,
Though he in rage were never ſo mad;
Though *Africus* comes in great ſtorms,
He knows not where to ſet his arms,
Therefore he's forced back to turn,
Becauſe he meets but with a ſcorn.
As for the People here that dwell,
Their Praiſes I can ſcarcely tell,
For they in virtue are ſo rare,
I none with them can well compare.
Our Gentlemen are all well bred,
Endued with Grace, emptied of Pride,
Hates naſtineſs in every thing,
And ſtill they're Loyal to their King.
Here are fair Ladys in this place,
Of Virtue full, endued with Grace,
Whom *Solomon* doth better praiſe,
Than what my Thoughts can here deviſe:
The vulgar ſort I leave to fame,
I no more here ſhall ſpeak of them,
Which if I did, I could not miſs,
This Country for to ſcandalize.

Upon a Whore Extempore.

THis wanton Whore this many a year,
Hath play'd the Loun about her,
And now at laſt, all ſhame ſhe's paſt,
And tane on *Robie Cowper*.

A Letter written from Braemar, *to his dear Comerade in* Birſs, Alexander Roſs.

THis Country now wherein I live,
I cannot well expreſs,

Nor can I to you rightly give,
An account of their addreſs.
It's not of Gentlemen I mean,
Nor of them do I write,
For they are right in faſhion ſeen,
In Country, Land and ſtreet.
But for to ſee our vulgar ſort,
In all their rich array,
It would afford you jeſt and ſport
Till you were like to dy.
To you I'll give a view of them,
Even ſuch as I did take,
To every one it is great ſhame,
That wants a Highland Feake;
Behold and ſee their prettie Feet,
Adorn'd with upland ſhoes,
Yet he is never a Man compleat,
Till he get Tartan Trews:
With a Bullet bag upon his belt,
To hing upon his Thigh,
With a ruſty Durk and Iron Hilt,
To come beneath his Knee.
O happy's he who can command,
A Horn for his Powder,
With a ſooty Gun into his hand,
Or elſe upon his Shoulder,
Then on the Kirk he's fit to go,
For to hear a Preachment;
But he muſt have a Sword alſo,
For its a great Impeachment
Upon his Honour, who hath not
A meaſure for his Powder,
That he aright may meaſure his ſhot,
And it hings over his Shoulder,
Than their Teeth, ſomes Hair is much more ſhort
Their Luggs a large ſpan lang,

Whom to behold it is good ſport,
When they make a harangue;
Each of them ſome Ribbons hath,
Red mixt with black or blue,
He thinks he's in his Highland Graith,
When it hings over his Brow.
They care not for the Summer heat,
Nor for the Winter cold,
If that they can get Cheeſe to eat
With Butter and good Phoal,
On Sabbath ſome to Church goes,
And others to the Glen,
For to ſee their Cows and Ews,
And feed on Curds and Cream,
Others ſome doth back Jucks take,
For to hear their Prieſts,
Then to the Virgin down they beck,
With Croſſes on their Breaſts;
With Holy Water they begin,
I wiſh ye had a part,
To purify your Soul from Sin,
And ſanctify your Heart.
Beads they adore with Images;
And then makes their Confeſſion,
Unto the Prieſt that ſays the Maſs,
Then they get a Remiſſion,
All of them doth Robbery know,
Since *James* the Seventh's Reign,
But they have ſuffer'd meikle woe,
Since *ANN* became their Queen.
Here Honeſty was much cry'd down,
Even in the Days of old;
But Law hath now forc'd every Clown,
To take him to ſome hold.
More is their Hearts that they muſt gain
Their Bread by ſweat of Brows,

If't had remain'd as it began,
They'd liv'd on ſtoll'n Cows.

POSTSCRIPT.

With ſluſhing and ſouching,
Each one his Cutty reeks,
They care not, nor ſpare not,
The Cold for want of Breeks.

Upon two young Gentlemen ſuppoſing them both to be in Love with a young Lady: Written Extempore.

TWo Gentlemen this day,
They went to *Invercal*,
And there they did eſpy,
A Beauty, though not tall.
Each one his eyes he fixt,
Into this Beauties Face,
Yet ſure no Love betwixt,
The Rivals in this caſe,
Says *Garthanmoir*, I'll dy
Sure, if ſhe me refuſe,
Quoth *Tulloch* ſo will I;
If me ſhe do not chuſe.
And then like Tods on Cleiks,
They ſtar'd each others face,
Each one her Love he ſeeks
Into this woful caſe.
Each thought within himſelf,
How ſhall I gain her Love?
I'd diſdain worldly Pelf,
That ſhe would loving ptove.
But for Love, *Garthanmoir*
He yielded up his Breath,
His Rivals heart was ſore,
And like to die that Death:
No Beer nor Ale he could,
No not ſo much as Taſte,

r her in Beauties mould,
at was ſo neatly caſt.
oth he, when I reflect
pon *Anne Barclays* face!
nd her cheerful aſpect,
! for her ſweet ſolace!
could moſt willing be,
hough I had all the Earth,
give it all to thee,
hen I but ſmell thy breath;
t if thou me refuſe,
en preſently I'm gone,
erefore I pray make chuſe
f him, who's heart's thine own,
t's Paſſion being ſtrong,
o longer could endure,
hat ever was his wrong,
o Doctor could him cure.
erefore let both be laid
to one Tomb inclos'd
f them it ſhall be ſaid,
ere's two, that one but chos'd,
nd ſo they do deſerve
have an Epitaph
rot in a ſtone to ſerve,
hich age may not wear off,
Here into this Houſe of Clay,
o great Lovers, (Grants) *do ly,*
ho for one Laſs their Bloods could ſpend,
nd ſhe of both hath made an end.

on their Comerads who mocked them, Becauſe th
fell in Love.

Our Gentlemen, (two had brown Horſe)
Went to convoy the Laird of *Luſs,*

I ſpoke to two of them before;
Robert remains yet, and *Remoir*;
(All the four are called *Grants*,
Yet two of them are ſcarcely Saints,)
Of this two I think indeed,
They'll do no ill, as little good:
Yea take them both in the complex,
I can them reckon of no Sex:
That they're not Men, they plainly prove,
Becauſe uncapable of Love;
That they're mad fools who Loves none,
I witneſs ſapient *Solomon*,
Who had more Wiſdom than all Kings,
Yet Women lov'd above all things.
They are not of the other ſort,
Their Beards are long, which ſhould be ſhort.
But what they are, I'll tell you plain,
They're Animals in ſhapes of Men,
But if they would the fineſt prove,
They muſt implore the gods of Love,
And ſee, if they can by their fires
Or Charmes enflame their dull deſires.
But if they will not then they muſt,
Juſt as they are go to the Duſt:
Their Epitaphs muſt neither be,
A Satyr, nor an Elegie.

Here lies two, they're both now Dead,
Of none had neither Love nor Feed,
Becauſe they were worth no Mans pains,
Having neither Hearts nor Brains.
How both are now, and how both fares,
There's none that knows and as few cares.

Upon an Old Horſe of Dalmoirs Extempore.

Dalmoir ſurely ye may rejoice,
Becauſe your Men they made good choiſe

In

In buying ſuch a Horſe:
His Maik is not in all *Braemar*,
He's neither gaady, wood nor ſcar;
Yet like *Bucephalus*.
And now your Men have brought him home;
For to trail in ſome Stones,
He is a Nagg both wiſe and tame,
As good as goes on bones.
With groaning and moaning,
He's brought ſtones from the Hill;
With Rugging and drouging,
Your Yard-Dyke up to fill.
Ye've ſent him now to *Alloway*,
With a burden neither light nor ſma;
Unto the Earl of *Marr*;
If ye go on to treat him ſo,
To him ye will breed meike woe;
Therefore I pray beware,
To uſe ay and abuſe ay
Your Horſe at ſuch a rate,
For Danceing and prancing,
He is a Nagg moſt neat.
Duke *Hamilton* had been right glade,
This Horſe for to command,
The Parliament, with him, to ride,
Among the Noble Band.
His Lot I fear was never ſuch,
To have his Maik into his Coach,
So ſlender and ſo lean,
He's liv'd ſo long, I think indeed,
His Days have been before the flood,
And in the Ark's been tane.
For Riding he doth far excell,
All that are in this place,
Although he want both Mane and Tail,
He's fit to run a Race,

His teeth then, forſooth then,
They ſit out through his Lips,
His Eyen Sir, they ſeem Sir,
To go back to his Hips.
I fear his Bons will cut the skin,
And look out to the Air,
This many years, his Teeth doth grin,
On him I'll not write mair.

The following Lines were given to me by way of a Letter, (at the Colledge of Aberdeen) *but no perſon would own to be their Author; But the Bearer told me, that the Author was content to enter into a Carminal fight, though it ſhould laſt ſeven years.*
He thus begins.

SIr, when your Fame at firſt did reach mine Ears,
I was ſurpriz'd with fool Phantaſtick Fears,
I did believe, and partly yet believes,
You are the formoſt Poet now that lives.
While it was ſaid, that ye could ſtill off hand,
On any Subject make verſe at command,
At all times, and good verſe too:
I do believe none can do't, ſave't be you.
For as a Man endu'd with Noble Parts,
Perhaps is Maſter of ſome Trades and Arts,
Yet ſure he cannot uſe them all at once,
More than a teethleſs Wife can gnaw hard bones
For in a River as we plainly ſee,
How ſoon and oft the waters changed be,
Yet ſtill goes on like *Phœbus* Beams,
By the Succeſſion of new fruitful ſtreams;
I think Mans Brain was ne'er ordain'd,
That only one thing there ſhould be contain'd.
But all your verſes that e're I ſaw,
Doth not deſerve ſo meikle dread or aw,

As I at firſt did give unto your name,
So highly blowen by the trump of fame;
I offer this to let you ſee
There's one beſide your ſelf, that will you dare
To open face, and will not at you ſcare,
To try and ſee your ſo much praiſed ſtrain,
And what's the product of your ſtinking Brain;
And ſince I've made the firſt aſſault let you,
Chooſe a fit Subject which we may purſue
So I give over your anſwer till I ſee,
Take this in haſte from honeſt *Tam* go free.

The Anſwer, but not of my compoſing at firſt.

SIr ſhiteing I receiv'd your Letter,
The more I read, I ſhite the better.
The ground was clean and void of graſs,
Your Letter ſerv'd to wipe my A--ſe.

The Unknown Authors Anſwer.

THou ugly filthy ſenſeleſs ſot,
How durſt thou ever Paper blot?
With ſuch a foul beſhitten Letter,
I had it ſeen if thou'd had better,
How well gueſt I thy naſty brain
To be but ſtinking; while its ſtrain
Delights in no Poetick Art,
But making two'r three Lines on Dirt,
Thy verſe well ſhows what kind thou art,
A Poet ſure not worth a fart:
And ſcarcely can thou ſpell one word;
Thy Scholarſhip's not worth a Turd:
I'll never ſure more to thee write,
For making of thy ſelf beſhite,
I fear the Maid that dights thy Breeks,
Will curſe me with Tears on her Cheeks,

So fare thou well thou ſilly beaſt,
I wiſh thou be not at a Feaſt,
When thou my Letter doth receive,
In caſe thy Back-ſide misbehave.

To the Unknown Authors or Author.

UNworthy Knaves, baſe ſilly Sots;
I have perus'd your Rhymes;
Which brings upon you ſtains and blots,
That ye've deny'd your Names:
Ye Paper-blotters with nonſenſe,
Without all ground or Reaſon,
Among us ye your Lines diſperſe;
Yet's fear'd for them as Treaſon.
Ye boaſt, and brag moſt furiouſly,
Yet fears your Names to ſhow;
The ſame to me it doth imply,
Your Face is like a Sow;
And it ſhow great ſhame ye think,
Your Snowts with dirt are fyl'd,
No Marvel though your Brains did ſtink,
When ye your Lines compyl'd.
Ye are more fit dry-ſtools to toom,
Than to write Elegies:
Let never more your verſe be ſeen,
All Poets you refuſe.
At firſt when I thy Letter got,
Had it been worth my pains,
I had it anſwer'd to a mot,
And never vext my brains:
Its neither in thy Brain nor Power,
To make Elegie or Satyr,
And like a Fox thou love's to lower,
Becauſe thou has no matter.
O fy! Think ſhame, and turn thy back;
Thy face cannot be ſeen:

ſay, go back with ſhame and lack,
hou Sow of *Aberdeen.*
o Man on Earth hath ever hear'd
f ſuch a ſilly ſlave,
Vho thinks to make himſelf admir'd,
nd yet a new Name crave.
hou Son of Hell that's angry at
he Gifts given to another:
f thy Father *Satan* thou takes that,
r *Erynnis* that's thy Mother.
here's none, that hears thy verſe or words,
n thee a Poet Name,
o beat thy Brain with ſtink and Turds,
ſy! Look black for ſhame!
he Muſes they would ſurely bluſh,
o hear thy ſtinking ſtrain,
ware *Appollo* do thee cruſh,
r th' Product of the Brain.
r ſuch a Raſcal to Revile
l others with ſtout words;
t him all Men may laugh and ſmile,
Vhoſe Subject is but T--ds:
any think to turn the chaſe,
nd ſay that I began,
l prove they lie into their face,
here's their Honour then?
ou ſilly Dog at the firſt time,
tell't to thy Diſgrace)
hen I receiv'd thy ſenſeleſs Rhyme
dare me to my face,
ou was ſo fear'd, thou turn'd a Liar,
d then deny'd thy name,
ough thou got neither gain nor hire,
ſuch a horrid ſtain!
at ever one who was Baptiz'd
uld turn a Mahomite,

(And

(And have his Senſes ſo abus'd)
For ſenſeleſs Rhyms to write.
Thou ſilly ſot, what was thy drift?
At firſt when thou began?
Thy Fame and Honour to uplift,
Yet roſe not half a ſpan.
As thou at firſt deny'd thy Name,
Thou likewiſe did thy verſe,
And for them both thou's got a ſtain,
Unto thy ſad Diſgrace.
Thou makes my Pen guſt in my Noſe;
Therefore I muſt leave off:
But yet I think before I cloſe,
I'll write thy Epitaph.

How ſoon thy Breath is from thee gone,
And Death hath clos'd thine Eyes;
Let this be written on thy Tomb,
Here Dirts deſcriver lyes:
Who ſo deligbted while he liv'd
Of Dirt to write and tell,
And with all goodneſs he was griev'd,
Therefore he went to Hell.

Upon a Snuff-Mill.

TO all whoſe preſents theſe perchance may co
But moſt to *Balfour*, *Ogilvy* and *Tomb*,
I by theſe preſents ſhow my Crime and Theſt
To gain my Point it was my neareſt ſhift.
Not long ago at *Spittel* of *Glenſhee*,
It happen'd that Old *Tomb* did me,
As ſundries do, we chanc'd to take a glaſs,
And in 'tis rear a ſnichen ſoon took place:
With *Tomb* I did a curious Mill eſpy,
On which my heart almoſt fell with my eye;
To have her I would truely been content,
Though I at large another groat had ſpent:

ll would not do, no Money nor reward,
omb did the Gift and Giver ſo regard:
e ſtill deny'd, made nice and looked ſower,
ecauſe he had her from the Laird *Balfour*,
e ſtill made this his ſole denying clauſe,
ll ever keep her for the givers cauſe.
the next place he did her much regard,
er maker being Mr. *John Balvard*;
or both their ſakes I ſtill deſir'd her more,
han ever I did a Snichen-mill before.
h' more he deny'd her, ſtill the more I ſought,
ut all the while, I ſpent my Breath for nought,
hen, her at laſt I did reſolve to ſteal
ut Honeſty could not my Crime conceal,
herefore I here to all Men it reveal,
y Prize obtain'd I took a ſudden flight,
nce, of the Mill *Tomb* never got a ſight.
Sir, to you and all I've made Confeſſion,
ext of her Maker I will ſeek Remiſſion,
ll Pennance dree in ſomething leſs or more,
he keep in that galling word, *Reſtore*;
Which if he bid, I'll hold me as before.
Sir, if ye but confer on me this alms,
der Maker being Miniſter at *Glams*)
t greater length perhaps another time,
may come for to give you thanks in Rhyme,
Which I have larger far than Coin or Gold,
he woeful Proverb this makes true to hold,
hat Poets ſtill are poor and needy,
s likewiſe this, that Kirk-men ay are greedy;
nd yet good Sir, if time and place permit,
Snichen good ye may have out of it.
Sir, if on *Tomb* ye look but with a frown,
nd me reveal 'I may yet looſe my own,

There-

Therefore ye'll let him from Rebuke paſs free,
Thereafter he I hope will pardon me.

Sir,
I remain with all my Pith,
Your humble Servant Robert Smi

Balfours *Anſwer to Mr.* Robert Smith.

Sir, I have yours, in which you beg me pardo
For ſtealing what I think not worth a fardon,
For he who ſtole the Calf, would ſteal the Cow,
If how alſewell to carry her off he knew;
Which makes me ſorry you ſhould thus your mu
Not Crimes to laſh, but them defend; abuſe:
For Poets, words not things, at pleaſure uſe,
Nor will I pardon on a bare Confeſſion,
Till you have quite extinguiſh'd your Tranſgreſſio
By fourfold Reſtitution, or by getting
A Renunciation from old *Tom* in writing,
Which, if he take advice, he'll not deny,
For I am ſure he's ſinn'd the ſelf ſame way,
To that degree, that four-fold Reſtoration
Would make him far the pooreſt of the Nation,
Theſe are the Terms on which I'll give Remiſſio
So that you might have ſpar'd your bare Submiſſio

Sir,
I Remain (as you deſerve) to Power,
You and all Robbers to ſuppreſs Balfou

P. S.

See your Return be ſatisfieing,
Without one word therein of Lying,
Or elſe be ſure with all my Pith,
I'll help to hang thee *Robie Smith.*

Mr. *Robert Smith's Rep to Balfour.*

SIr yours informs me ye did mine receive,
By which your ſay, I did yout pardon crave,
Which I did not; bnt only made Confeſſion
To you, and all, tho' ſmall was my Trangreſſion;
My Crime was ſmall, your Clemency was leſs,
That would not pardon when I did confeſs.
Sir, you deny me what I never ſought;
Why ſhould I pardon beg of you for nought?
Againſt you I was not a Criminal,
Yea had I been, your Mercy had been ſmall,
I truely think I had not got your pardon,
Although my Crime be no more than a farden;
Nor is it like I would ſteal Cow or Calf,
Hide well, deny, of Theft is the beſt half,
I of my Crime did unrequir'd confeſs,
This ſhows I'm willing to make a Redreſs:
Nor yet did I abuſe my Muſe nor Rhyms,
Confeſſion is a laſh ſevere for Crimes,
When ſeconded with a firm Reſolution,
To make the Les'd a four-fold Reſtitution.
You Prize my ſang not to be worth a farden,
Then ſure a pennie may purchaſe my pardon,
From *Tom* I'll ſeek no writ, nor will I ſcruple,
Inſtanter for to pay him the Quadruple,
Since I to him am now four farthings due,
I'll pay him and no pardon ſeek of you,
This ſhows my Crimes are neither great nor many,
When by the Law my pardon's but a penny:
Suppreſs all Rogues and Robbers with your might,
I fear not when four farthings keeps my right.
The Truth I've told you without Lying,
Not fearing threats of Crucifying.
I'm ſorry (Sir) that you ſhould chuſe,
So baſe a Trade to gain my Cloaths,

Although they have been worn long,
They're worth a hunder of my ſang,
But if ye rax me limb and lith,
Then take the Coat of *Robie Smith.*
July, *Glenſhee* the fourteenth Day,
I got the Reply and gave Duply, 1716.

A Reply to the forgoing, Directed thus. To Mr. Robert Smith *Schoolmaſter in* Glenſhee.

SIR, *July* the fourteenth I receiv'd your Letter,
With a *Duply*, but the Reply was better;
For good Sir, you muſt all ſenſe abandon,
If to confeſs guilt be not to crave pardon,
You ſay your Crime was ſmall, but underſtand
That who in one, doth fail in each Command:
And do not think altho' you did confeſs,
That e're Confeſſion doth make guilt the leſs,
And whereas you my Clemency abuſe,
To Thiefs I never Clemency ſhall uſe,
Since they by Laws both Civil and Divine,
To Death are adjudged for that ſhameleſs Crime.
You ſay that I deny'd what you ne'r ſought,
Pardon to wit, pardon's not got for nought
By Criminals, the reaſon's good I'll ſwear,
Who Snuff-mills ſteals, would not an Ox forbear;
If you deſign your Crimes for to redreſs,
You muſt your ſelf in other Terms expreſs,
And do not think by your Terms of Solution,
The Government's content with Reſtitution;
I'm ſure you ſhould have known far better things,
For Thieves were hang'd with the King of *Kings*,
But ſince your Guilt you freely do confeſs,
If not crave pardon, then you do tranſgreſs:
Sir, you crave not my pardon, I'm not Pope,
But if I am, then you deſerve a Rope In:

Inſtanter, Theft without a farder ſcruple
Gibbet deſerves, thee ſhould with a quadruple,
I quarrel not your Crimes, tho' they be great,
No finite meaſure can your Crimes abate,
Your penny Theft tho' you account it ſmall,
Your Soul, your Honour muſt account for all,
And tho' to *Tom* you ſatisfaction gave
Yet from our Laws that cannot you reprive,
But you muſt ſtill our Sovereign's Laws obey,
In direct Terms who ſteals, high hang'd be they.
I in ſincerity and truth,
Have ſent by Lettet not by Mouth,
An Anſwer to your frivolous Rhyme,
The Product not of thought but time,
Your breeding doth you much expoſe,
Which Ridiculs you not 'mongſt foes,
But Friends; Sir after you got Sentence
Of Death, you will come to Repentance
I hope, and then within an hour,
You'll Pardon get from good *Balfour*,
Who to your Cloaths hath no pretence,
Though this appears your laſt Defence,
For he who hath the power to hang
Scorns Cloaths, tho he take the ſang,
Now take this Anſwer if you pleaſe,
And let *Balfour* now dwell at eaſe;
Reſtore, amend with all your pith,
And I'm your Servant *Robie Smith*.

SIR, I will no more allow my Name to forge,
But plainly tell the Author's Nam's Ms *George Wiſhart*, who lives in Town where every houſe is
Famous, e'r for Bellona or the Muſes,
For Drinking, Fighting, or for wittie ſcribbling,
I leave it Sir to you to ſay, or quibbling,

But I remain I do you well assure,
You and your Muse still to admire *Balfour*,
Nor only pardon, but with all my pith,
Sends you my humble service; *Robie Smith.*

The Answer to the forgoing by Mr. Smith, Directed thus.

Unto the care of good *Balfour*,
I do commit the same,
That he may send't within an hour
Unto the Fox that yet doth lowr
Of Poetry for all his Pow'r,
He still conceals his Name,
Unto the care of kind *Balfour*,
I do commit the same.

SIR, all the blotts and scribblings of your Pen,
I've had the patience to peruse again,
In which I find, you guilty are of Crimes,
Which will you make the Scorn of future times.
In the first place, you love to lurk and low'r,
And arrogats the Title of *Balfour*,
The Cloak was good, but he no Knaves will cover,
Because of such, he never was a lover.
Again thou shows thy stupid Ignorance,
In venting Lies thy Pillar and Defence,
For in thy first, thou said, I beg'd thy pardon,
Which I esteem far less, than half a farden,
Had thou at first read mine aright, thou'd found,
Thy own assertion built on sandy ground.
Sir to your self, I pray you be so kind
To read aright, consider, and you'll find,
Your gross mistakes, or sure I am you'r blind.
Will you consider your own Lies and Fictions,
Your skill in Law, and obvious contradictions

There-

erefore I'll inſtance ſome lines of your Letter,
ſhow all Men your pure nonſenſe the better,
ow all who reads this, give a ſhout and hallow;
s contradictions and nonſenſe doth follow.
Nor will I pardon on a bare Confeſſion,
Till you have quite extinguiſh'd your Tranſgreſ-ſion
by fourfold Reſtitution, or by getting
A Renunciation from Old *Tom* in Writing:
If you deſign your Crimes for to redreſs,
you muſt your ſelf in other Terms expreſs,
And do not think by your Terms of Solution,
The Government's content with Reſtitution.
Theſe are your words, let any Man of ſenſe
ar what you can ſay in your own defence,
re you confeſt that fourfold Reſtitution,
e fault extinguiſh'd and got Abſolution:
d you held here, you had the righteſt Cauſe;
cauſe it was an Act of Divine Laws.
t oh! From them I ſee you to diſſent,
cauſe it does not pleaſe the Government,
ſorry you ſhould ſo baſe Tenets vent.
I for my Crime did Reſtitution make,
keep no Laws of Men Gods Laws to break;
u ſay, that no Confeſſion guilt makes leſs,
t (Sir) the Scriptures bids us all confeſs,
nfeſſion is the way for to forſake,
t I regrate you for your groſs miſtake,
id confeſs, forſook, and ſo I hope,
Laws of Men can judge me to a Rope,
e Penitent thou knows he Mercy got,
if thou knows not, ſure thou're but a ſot,
Your and *Tom* they both have pardon'd me,
d thou may ſee they both think ſhame of thee;
u guilty art of Forgery and Lies,
for ſuch Crimes that thou thy Name denys

Thou

Thou writes my name thy nonſenſe to decore,
As thou a better fellows wrote before,
To wit *Balfour's*; how ill becam't thy ſtation,
For to commit ſo high an Uſurpation?
I ſee indeed you're very fain to hang,
And get my Cloaths for one poor farthings fang,
Becauſe thou'rt fear'd for Dying on a Tree,
To be the Hang-man you have chois'd I ſee,
And rather hang, than for to hanged be,
Becauſe by no means elſe you can paſs free,
Therefore thou crys that ſentence ſoon may paſs,
Ear's are not *Horns*, who need's fear the Aſs,
Tho they be long they've neither ſtrength nor pi
No more has all your threats to *Robie Smith*.

SIR,
What means that nonſenſe in your Rhyme,
The Product not of thought but time,
To every one who doth it hear,
Thou makes thy Ignorance appear,
And all do judge that *Bacchus* Oyl
Thy Brain confuſed all this while.
Fall on again and mend thy Pen,
And ſcour the Barm from off thy Brain,
Learn to write with fewer blotts,
Leſt ſome ſhould think all Poets Sots.
And ſpell ſome better if thou can,
Or elſe conſult ſome other Man,
If thou would rightly Poetize,
Be ſure a Capital to uſe
In the beginning of each Line,
Or when thou writs look ay to mine;
To write the next take ſome leſs time,
Spend not ſo much on ſtinking Rhyme;
Date thy Letters, write thy Name,
Or hold thy peace with ſcorn and ſhame,

nd when I know you, I ſhall be
ill yours to ſerve you in *Glenſhee*,
n each reſpect, as you do me,
eat thy Brain, and try thy pith,
e if thou'll conquer *Robie Smith*.
Glenſhee November the Eight Day,
I got and did the ſame Repay. 1710.

Unto the Laird of Fefartie,
Who is at preſent in Glenſhee.

F *Morpheus* Bonds moſt willingly
This Day I did my ſelf unty,
hen I forſook him I heard all,
he Birds with Songs for Day to call,
ights Sentinels were ſcarcely gone,
or had *Sol* view'd the *Horizon*,
hen (Sir) I went to *Finningand*,
o Implement your kind command
n order to get Nets and Dogs,
o hunt wild Beaſts through Heaths and Bogs.
e told me that his Dog was tyr'd,
or yet could he be lent nor hir'd,
herefore my Labour proved vain,
nd I came empty back again.
Sir, Join all your Arratiſms
ith Sophiſtrie and Syllogiſms;
nd let Ms *John Meanders* hatch,
nd try what Veniſon he'll catch,
nd uſe his utmoſt witt and skill,
ed Deer, Murchens, and Tods to kill;
hich he may uſe more Innocent,
han he Collects the Biſhops Rent,
, I am yours at your Command,
bert Smith with heart and hand.

To

To the Tune of Allan-water. *New Lines.*

THere's nothing but thy cold diſdain,
Shall ever make my Love abated,
But if thou Love not me again
I'll ſcorn thy Love, if mine be hated,
The Muſes then ſhall all aggree.
And mount my Soul unto *Parnaſſus*
From *Venus* and *Cupid* I'll be free,
And from the Cares of the fineſt Laſſes.

2.

Shall I thee Love, tho' thou me hate,
No, no, I'll ſcorn ſuch a ſilly paſſion,
Or be induc'd for to intreat,
For Pity where there's no Compaſſion,
I'll ſooner break all *Cupids* Darts,
And *Venus* Bonds all Rend aſſunder,
And caſt their care from off my Heart,
And ſtill diſdain to ly beyond her.

3.

I by my Pen and hands can live,
In Honeſty and Comely Honour,
Let Blockheads who wants Spirits grieve
If ſhe frowns I'll not dote upon her.
But 'tis for thy lyking I thee Love,
Theſe are the Chains that ſtill doth bind me,
If equal Charms thy heart doth move,
Thou kind and conſtant ſtill ſhall find me.

4.

But if thou chance for to neglect
And ſlight the ſcorching flames that move me,
I Swear that I'll thee diſſaffect,
And wiſh much Joy to all who loves thee.
Yet had I Diadems and Crowns,
And Kingdoms I'd beſtow them on thee,

But if I chance to fell thy frowns.
I Swear my fancy ſhall flee from thee,

The Laſs her Reply 2d part to the ſame Time.

MY deareſt dear what would I give,
To be in ſure poſſeſſion of thee,
Though all the Worlds vaſt round were mine,
I'd be content to give it for thee.
Were the Mountains, Hills and Rocks all Gold,
And all the ſtones an heap of treaſure,
Yet I would chuſe thy ſelf to be
My Portion, O ſweet Soul of pleaſure.

2.

Alas thy frowns wou'd afford more grief,
Than all the Joys that theſe could give me,
Oh! For the hardneſs of thy heart,
Still ſaying, thou does not believe me;
All day thou lys neareſt my heart,
And that in ſpight of oppoſition,
O may the Powers above impart,
Some pity to my ſad condition.

3.

In hopes that I may eaſe my grief,
I ſing and ſport ſometime for faſhion;
Yet all alas brings no relief,
But ſerves to aggravate my paſſion.
A Bed which is a ſweet repoſe,
And where each one ſoft ſleep embraces;
All night I tumble there and toſs
Thy ſweet *Idea* me ſo traces.

4.

Then if mine eyes but chance to cloſe
Then preſently my Soul flys to thee,
Tis then I have my beſt repoſe,
By fancying that I ſtill am with thee;

But when I awake and find thou'rt gone,
O then my Soul is fill'd with ſorrow,
With Sighings ſad I lay me down,
Longing for the approaching morrow.

5.

Chuſe whom thou will, ſhe's never have
The veneration I have for thee,
Who willingly would all things leave,
And be or do what thou would have me;
But if my ſute thou do refuſe,
All after Ages ſhall abhore thee,
And curſe thy Name and thee abuſe
For ſlighting her, who ſo ador'd thee.

6.

No ancient ſtory can relate
An inſtance of ſuch admiration;
Or one whoſe Love was e're ſo great
That ever miſt of a Compenſation:
Therefore I hope that thou will be,
No precedent to things ungratful,
And O ſweet Heavens forbid to me,
That ever thou cauſe thy name be hateful.

7.

Yea had I Diadems and Crowns,
And Kingdoms I'd beſtow them on thee;
But oh! I fear I'll fell thy frowns,
Becauſe my fancy's fixed on thee:
But ſtiil I hope ſweet *Venus* will,
With *Cupid* keep thee from ſuch error,
And wound thy heart, ſince thou did kill
My heart and Soul with Love and Terror.

8.

Yea ſure I am if thou knew my grief,
And had the heart of a Human Creature,
Thou could not miſs to give relief,
And carry ſome part of my ſad fetter:

Now here I'll end with this requeſt,
That kind Heaven would be pleas'd to move thee;
And fix a flame within thy Breaſt,
That thou may know ſo Dear's I Love thee.

Upon an excellent young Lady Mrs. Margaret C. *by* Ro. Smith. Extempore.

HEr Beauty all Men do admire,
Her Vertue ſets all Hearts on fire,
Her Worth and Merits doth excel,
All that all mortal Tongues can tell:
For all who ſee her muſt confeſs,
She's full of Beauty, Witt and Grace:
This Paragon ſhall ever be
Admir'd by me continually.

The young Lady's Anſwer. Extempore.

YOur Verſes flow in ſuch a ſtream
Of Virtues, that I cannot claim,
But I diſcharge that e're my name
Ye ſhould venture to proclaim.
For good or bad I'd take it ill,
That on me ye ſhould try your skill
Of Poeſy, but writ your fill,
Upon *Balfour* his Snichen-Mill.

An other Elogy to the Lady by R. S. Extempore.

MAdam, my ſtrains are all too low to ſhow,
The worthy praiſe that to your Merite's due:
For I in verſe did not your Name Proclaim,
For *Ovid* it would be a Meeter Theme,
And yet his skill could never ſet you forth,
Nor ſhow the Thouſand part of your true worth.
If *Adam* had been bleſs'd with ſuch a Wife,
He had continu'd in the ſtate of Life

In you all Vertue primitively ſhine;
You'r a Compend of all that is Divine;
Heroick Vertues dwells within your Breaſt,
Where Meekneſs doth with Greatneſs ſtill conteſt.
Would *Pallas*, *Juno*, *Venus*, once again
Strive for the *Palm* in *Idas* ſhaddy plain,
If you were there, then all theſe Goddeſſes
Would yield to you for Beauty, Witt & Graee;
Had *Paris* but your Lovely Beauty ſeen,
Then he'd diſdain'd fair *Helena* the Queen:
Each one in you might find far greater Joy,
Than in her Face, for whom he burnt his Troy:
Your Words and Actions all compleat with Grace,
And Paradice is painted in your Face.
Yea ſure I am, were *Adam's* Off-ſpring all
Like unto you, I'd ſwear ther'd been no fall.
Now to conclude, I ſolemnly Proteſt
All Pandors Gifts in you the Gods have plac'd.

Directed thus.

To her whoſe Beauty all admire,
And Vertue ſets all Hearts on fire,
Of whom I ſwear in all reſpects,
She is the Phœnix of her Sex,
To her alone I write this Theme,
Who is of Beauty Diademe.

The Lady's 2d Reply Extempore.

THis Morning I happened for to ſee
Some Verſes full of Rhapſodie,
Written as I do ſuppoſe,
By one who faſt to Bedlame goes.
Is *Vulcan* now become a Poet?
It's like he will prove a great Stoick,
And crack his Brain with Nonſenſe Rhyme,
I think his Lightneſs be his Crime.

Ro.

Bp. Smith's *Reply to the former* Extempore.

IF I be he whom you ſuppoſe,
That ſo faſt unto Bedlam goes,
How ſoon ſo ever I come there,
Some room for you I ſhall prepare:
If it be Rhymes that makes me light,
'Tis a Gemm which makes you bright;
Since it doth with your Virtues join,
Above your Sex it makes you ſhine,
I'm happy thrice in all reſpects,
Since what's my Vice, can grace your Sex.

To the Earl of Kinnoul, *October* 28*th*, 1713.

MAy't pleaſe your Lordſhip for to know,
That I came here a year ago,
And had a Precept from *Pitmedden*,
For Rents to Biſhops now forbidden:
O woe be to that curſed Coin
Was taken from thoſe Men Divine,
And given to arrant Cheats and Fools,
And Dominies for teaching Schools.
So won't we beat our Brains and Lungs,
We tire our Spirits and our Tongues,
We waſte our ſtrength, our Limbs we tire,
And ſeeking't wades through Dub and Mire,
We're ſent from hand to hand like Fools,
Which makes us to neglect our Schools:
They ſet us by with ſhams and ſhifts,
They love ſo well King *William's* Gifts.
The little good that's done, we do it,
And cannot get what is allow'd.
Tho Bees do toil, Drons eat the Honey,
The Worlds Hearts are join'd to Money:
But Noble Earl, I have got from you,
What ſticks to others Hearts like Glew,

My

My Lord I hope you'll not Repent,
And what remains you'll Implement:
And while I live, or keep a School,
I ſhall ſtill pray for good *Kinnoul*,
My Lord I'm yours with all my Pith,
To ſerve your Lordſhip *Robert Smith.*

An ELEGIE, *Upon the never enough to be La-mented Death of the Illuſtrious and Noble* JOHN Marqueſs *of* Tullibardine, *who departed this Life at the Battle near* Mons *the firſt of* September, 1709.

WHat Sighs, what Groans are theſe I hear always
What guſhing Torrents now run from all Eyes
What woful News? What killing ſound is this,
That fills all Hearts with Grief and bitterneſs?
Ah! Doleful News! But they cannot be fled,
The *Noble Marqueſs Tullibardine's Dead.*
That *Sweet*, that *Noble Matchleſs Paragon*,
Ah! Is he gone? He's gone, Alas he's gone.
What Eyes do not with Mournful Tears run down
What Heart's not ſtruck with this (Death-ſtriking ſound?
Ah! Cruel Death! Could nought thy Hunger fill
But muſt thou *Noble Tullibardine* Kill:
Could nothing ſerve to ſatiate thy greed,
But muſt thou glut thy ſelf in's Noble Blood?
All Tongues, all Pens cannot aright deſcry
The matchleſs worth of him thou's ta'en away.
His Noble Soul was Vertues real ſeat,
And Vertue made his Soul with Grace compleat
Ignoble Deeds in him bore never ſway:
His Fame will ſtand before Black-Mouth'd Envy
For Courage *Ajax*, *Hector*, *Alexander*,
A Loyal Subject and a brave Commander.
In Eloquence he ſecond was to none;
And he for Beauty was an *Abſolom*

For Wiſdom he did far his Age excel.
But why ſhould I his praiſe attempt to tell,
I'd hold the Seas far ſooner in my hand,
And without Pen or Ink recount the ſand,
Or weigh the Earth in an Imponderous ſcale,
Far ſooner than his worthy Merits tell.
His Trump of Fame ſhall the wide World hear,
And his good Name all Monuments outwear:
No Marble Tomb or Trophee's Virtue needs,
Fame is his Herauld and proclaims his Deeds.
His Praiſes fill Ten Thouſand Thouſand Mouths,
He was the Mirror of all Noble Youths:
But now alas! Grim Death hath him aſſail'd;
Belov'd he liv'd by all, and dyed bewail'd.
His Warfare is ended, and his Peace begun,
All Storms are paſt, and he enjoys the Sun;
Corruption Incorruption hath put on;
He's gone from Earth unto an Heavenly Throne,
Where he ſhall have an everlaſting Crown
Of Glory, Joy, of Peace and High Renoun.

An ELEGIE, *Upon the never enough to be Lamented Death of the* Illuſtrious *and* Noble PATRICK Lord Glames, *who departed this Life the Day of* 1709.

HOw vainly vain are ſublunary things? (Kings?
How great's Deaths Pow'r, the Conquerer of
By which he brings all living to the Duſt,
The High, the Low, the Wicked and the Juſt.
No Prince, nor Peer can claim Immunity,
No Birth, no Breeding nor high Quality
Can be exeem'd from Deaths Tyrannick Rage:
All muſt with Death once in this War engage,
And feel the ſtroke of his o'recoming hand,
Since *Noble Glames* is gone at his Command, How

How many Eyes ſalt Brinniſh Tears do ſhed
For him? who now is grim Death's Captive mad
Brave *Glams* is gone, who was both good & grea
A lively ſwatch of Mans Primeve State:
Whoſe budding leaves did of ſuch odour ſmell,
As did his Age, his Rank, his Sex excell;
Heroick Vertue dwelt within his Breaſt,
Where meekneſs did with greatneſs ſtill conteſt;
And 'tis uncertain which did did bear the ſway,
Virtuous greatneſs or Humility:
A Judge Impartial with moſt curious Eye,
To none could Judge the prize of Victory.
In him the Lyon and the Lamb did join,
And both did ſhow rare Qualities Divine:
Majeſtick Courage from the one did flow,
Pure Innocence did with the other grow,
And ſo well mixt that each one muſt declare,
That both of them did claim an equal ſhare,
Pure Gold from droſs, pure Silver purg'd from Tin
Without unſpotted, Innocent within.
No boiling paſſions could his Soul moleſt,
Becauſe it was with Virtue prepoſſeſt.
In him all Gifts and Graces were in ſtore,
That could a *Hero* or a Soul decore,
The Roſe and Lillie ſtrove who ſhould take place,
To paint their Colours in his Noble Face.
The one did not unto the other yield,
But both did dwell upon this Heavenly field,
And did their Colours in ſuch ſort diſplay,
That Paradice was open to each Eye
For Beauty; and for Eloquence and Strain,
He was a Noble *Cicero* again.
Yea ſuch Endowments he enjoy'd them all,
That Men could good, or Women pleaſent call:
But Earthly Joys which all do moſt deſire,
Ah! Ah! Alas! They ſooneſt do expire.

S

So this pure Roſe, Alas! was ſoon cut down
Before of's worth the Thouſand part was known,
But ſtay my Muſe unfit for ſuch a Task,
For fear that thou his ſplendid Praiſes mask
By thy harſh Notes, groſs ſenſe, unpolliſht Brains;
Too high a Subject for Ten Thouſand Pens;
Return, Return, his Noble Soul is gone,
From's Earthly Palace to an Heavenly Throne,
With thoſe Palm-bearing Companys to be
On *Zions* Mount throughout Eternity.
To love his Creator and his King adore,
And Bath in Bleſs and Joy for evermore.

To the Memory of Lachlan M'pherſon, *who departed this Life the day of* 1708.

HOw ſhort's Life's date? And ah! How ſoon's our (breath
Evapourate, and we cruſh'd down by Death?
Death, whoſe devouring Pow'r none can withſtand
Nor ſhun the ſtroke of his o'ercoming hand,
Hath now led captive *One* from off the ſtage,
A Paragon of worth, who did engage
All Hearts to Love him, and his Loſs Lament:
But Ah! Alas! Who can Deaths Pow'r prevent?
Had Birth, had breeding claim'd Immunitie,
Than he from Death had been exeem'd and free.
But Ah! Alas! There's nothing here that can,
Exeem us from the common *Lot* of Man.
The Gifts of Grace and Nature all did meet
In him, to make a Man and Saint compleat:
Mild as the Lamb, and harmleſs as the Dove,
Yea Beautys Mirror, and the Soul of Love.
His Colour like the Milk well mixt with Wine,
The Roſe and Lillie in his Face did ſhine,
And ſo well mixt that it were hard to tell,
Which of the Two the other did excell:

In him were all the Gifts, that could or can
Make up a Generous, Gentle, Pretty Man.
As Natures Gifts were on his Body plac'd,
So Divine Grace his Heavenly Soul had grac'd;
Yea all the Gifts in him made their abodes,
That *Pandor* had received from the gods.
But as the Flow'rs that all the reſt excells
In Colour, and in Odouriferous ſmells,
Are ſooneſt pluckt! Ah! So was he cut down
By cruel Death, before his Worth was known.
What faults he had, (for who from Faults are free)
He did bewail with deep Humilitie.
On Wings of Faith his Soul's aſcended high,
And mounted up through the Stelliferous Sky,
Where now he triumphs, and *Zions* Songs doth ſing,
In Praiſes to God his Father and his King.

To the Memory of Alexander Ferguſon *of* Bruchderger, *who departed this Life the* 15 *of* February, 1710.

HOw vainly vain is all below the Sun? (runs
How ſhorts Life's Race? And ah! How quickly
What multitude of dang'rous Evils attend
Our way, to this uncertain Journeys end.
Yet ſtill we fly on haſtning wings, as poſts;
Throw all thoſe Evils to Eternal Coaſts:
Alas! The living ſeldom lays to heart,
The conquering Pow'r of Deaths o'ercoming dart,
From which no living great or ſmall can be
Exeem'd or ſpared from his Tyrannie;
To Deaths pale ſcepter all muſt Tribute pay,
He's King o'er all and doth the Scepter ſway:
To Death all Monarchs muſt reſign the Crown,
And Conquering *Heroe's* lay their Glory down

Th

The Nobles greatneſs, no nor Birth can ſave,
Nor keep them from the all devouring Grave.
He who's now gone, I think might been exeem'd,
Were any of his rank or ſex redeem'd,
From Deaths devouring all o'recoming hand,
The Conquerer of all by Sea and Land.
Lament *Glenſhee* your Ornament is gone;
Let all *Glenegla* ſable weed put on;
And let each one for him Lament apart,
Who is remov'd by Deaths Impartial Dart.
Alas! He's gone, who well deſerv'd to be
Renown'd for Courage and Humilitie;
Sweet, Meek and Lowly, keeping peace with care,
And yet his Courage did out-face diſpair,
No wounding Weapons could him terrify,
Nor Lawleſs Raſcals could they make him fly,
He chuſe far rather than his Friends forſake,
To paun his Life and pledge it at the ſtake,
He lov'd his Country and his Neighbours ſo,
That for their ſakes he could his Life beſtow.
His Courage knew not what it was to yield,
Nor could his foot e're retrograd the field;
His Enemies muſt either from him fly,
Or elſe reſolve in Blood or Gore to dy;
When ſhow'rs of Balls thick as the Hail did fly,
And Guns were roaring like the thundering Sky,
Unterrified, and unaffrighted He
Behav'd himſelf with Magnanimitie,
And did his Foes confound and put to ſhame,
And to himſelf obtain'd a laſting Name
Of Virtue, Praiſe, which time cannot deface,
Nor can Envy e're make his glory leſs:
Whom Balls, nor Swords, nor Foes could overthrow,
Alas! Grim Death hath now reduc'd him low,
In Peace and reſt he dy'd In's Houſe at home,
And his good name ſupplys a Marble Tomb.

Through many ſtorms and broils, he's gain'd th
Of laſting Peace and Joy for evermore : (ſhor[e]
He loved Peace, Tranquillity and Reſt,
And now of them he wholly is poſſeſt.

To the Memory of James Hog, *Laird of* Remore,
Who departed this Life the Day of

WHo hath the Heart that's not with Grief per- (plext?
Or who the Soul that's not with Sorrow vext?
For him now gone, by Death's impartial blow ;
He was dear lov'd by all who did him know.
O Cruel Death! Where Life is lov'd thou kills ;
But where it's loath'd, thou will not work their (wills.
In kindneſs he to all was like aBrother,
And tender hearted as a Loving Mother,
To all in want; and did their Needs ſupply :
He's gone ; alas! How many Tongues may ſay?
He did increaſe his Fortune by his pain,
But hated every baſe and ſinful gain:
Fraud, Guile, Deceit, great care he took to ſhun,
And what he did, was done before the Sun :
His Deeds were all with Grace and Virtue crown'd,
And in all Ears made a Melodious ſound.
His Pious Soul did *Jacob's* Ladder ſcanſe,
Becauſe above he had's Inheritance.
Conſtant he was, and ſtill he took great care
His Soul to ſave, and for its reſt prepare.
His panting Soul long'd as a Bird in Cage,
For to paſs off from this terreſtrial Stage,
And be with him in whom all Joys are found,
That he for ever might his Praiſes ſound,
Among theſe Triumphant Companys above,
Where Chriſt himſelf is all their Light and Love.
Of what he moſt deſir'd, He's now poſſeſt,
His Soul's to God, his Body's gone to reſt Ye

Ye Pious Souls for him be no more ſorry,
Bear with your Loſs, for he enjoyeth Glory.

To the Memory of Mr. Hary Forbes, *Son to* Mr. Jo. Forbes *Parſon of* Kincardinonil, *who departed this Life the Day of* .

HOw many *S*ouls feels grief, and Eyes do tear,
For the bright Star now plucked from the *S*phear?
Oh! Woes me for the Roſe thats now cut down
Byt Deaths ſharp ſcyth, before its worth was known
Whoſe budding leaves did odours ſweet forth ſend,
Ay more belov'd the more it did extend.
He's gone, alas! Regrated is by all,
That ſuch a flower hath had ſo quick a fall.
He was but ſhow'n upon this *E*arthly ſtage,
By's youth to teach thoſe of far greater age.
Wit, Love and Grace his Life they did decore,
Who knew him once, deſir'd to know him more,
He modeſt was, Religious, Juſt and Kind,
*S*prightful in Perſon, of a generous mind,
The hurtful paſſions, in youth that often Reigns,
He did repreſs, by clipping off the Wings
Of Pride, Ambition, Hate, Envy and Luſt,
*S*till making God his only ſtay and truſt.
If in the bloſſom he did ſmell ſo ſweet;
What had he done, if come to riper Fruit?
As his pure *S*oul came down from God above,
It ſtill aſcended back again by Love:
He as an *E*agle ſoared ſtill on high,
Upon the Wings of ſacred *E*xtaſy.
His *S*oul is landed on *E*mmanuals ſhore:
No Tumbling Billows ſhall affright him more,
He's now at reſt, and to his God doth ſing
*S*weet ſongs of Praiſe unto his Prince and King.

To

To the Memory of Margaret Rattray *Lady of* Bleaton *who departed this Life the* 7 *of* January 1710.

O Terrible and all ſubdueing Death!
Which Conquers all that draweth vital breath,
How many Souls are now in Sorrows clade
For her, whom thou haſte with thee Captive led?
Where Life is lov'd, thou readieſt art to kill,
Thou takes the good, but longeſt ſpares the ill;
She who's now gone by thy impartial blow,
Was dearly lov'd by all who did her know.
Her Actions all became a generous mind,
And indicate her Genious refin'd,
No hurtful paſſion in her breaſt found reſt,
Her Generous *S*oul with Virtue was poſſeſt.
Of Gifts and Graces, all ſhe had in ſtore,
That could a Body or a *S*oul decore.
*E*arth ſhe eſteem'd not her Inheritance,
(To higher aims her *S*oul did ſtill advance)
The thing which made her herein pleaſure take,
Was only for her *S*pouſe and Childrens ſake;
To whom ſhe ſhow'd all duty and reſpect:
Yea, ſhe to none her Duty did neglect.
A geſture grave ſhe had, a temper free
Of Impudence, and dull Moroſitie;
Which did unto the World at large ſet forth,
Her to be one of true and real worth;
Therefore her *S*aviour ſaw her fit to be
Remov'd from *S*orrows to Felicity,
He's call'd her home unto himſelf by Death,
Becauſe ſhe was more fit for Heaven than *E*arth,
*S*he's now at reſt, free from the frowns of fate,
Her *S*oul enjoys a bleſt Immortal ſtate:
*S*he's now gone to thoſe Manſions above,
To Preiſe her God, her King, her Joy, her Love.

A Poem.

WHy ſhould vain Man this wretched World regard?
Since all its Comforts fades like *Jonahs* Gourd
Tho to his *S*oul at firſt it gave delight,
It ſoon was gone and wither'd with the Night.
Fortun's unconſtant, all the World muſt own,
No King's ſecure on the beſt fixed Throne.
What's frothy Honour? but the Vulgars breath,
Beſtowed on poor ſinful *L*umps of *E*arth.
Increaſe of Riches brings increaſe of trouble,
Increaſe of Knowledge makes our *S*orrows double.
And by experience we daily find,
Our ſureſt Friends inconſtant as the wind.
One's Rich to day, to morrow he's as poor,
This day ſhe's modeſt, but the next a Whore;
This hour ſomething above our *S*ouls we prize,
The next we do them thrice as much deſpiſe;
What this day is the object of our Love,
Does of our hate again the Object prove;
In what this year we ſweeteſt pleaſure take,
The next we'll loath, and it again forſake:
What paſt for Virtue in the former times,
Is held for Vice and puniſhed for Crimes.
Why ſhould we dote on any thing ſo vain,
As paints it ſelf with pleaſure or with gain;
And cannot give the *S*oul its full content,
And are but vainly vain, when off's the paint:
Yea Follies mingled with our Words and Actions,
And all our Thoughts are meerly but Diſtractions,
Which fills our Souls with horrid Perturbation,
And proves all vain and only Souls Vexation.
We ſpend our time in courting fooliſh Toys,
We marry Sorrows *in* the place of Joys. Now

Now then my Soul ſince nothing's conſtant here,
Hoiſe up thy Sails, weigh Anchor, and go ſtear
Another courſe; make haſte, ſtreatch out thy Sails,
And Heaven invock to lend thee proſperous gales
To waſt thee over to Emmanuels ſhore,
To bath in bliſs, and joy for ever more.
Let not the dangers which may ſeem to be
Into thy way, at all diſcourage thee;
Tho' Winds blow lowdly and the Tide be high,
Tho' foamy billows beat thy Veſſels ſide,
And tho thy fleſh and blood begin to chide,
Why ſhould thou fear, thou haſt a skilful guide,
Who thouſand Souls has wafted ov'r before,
And ſet them ſafe upon the wiſht for ſhore.

When Tempeſts roars and Winds are contrar,
Then fix thine eye on the bright Morning Star,
And let thy Soul be raviſh'd with his Light,
And then no Clouds of darkneſs will affright,
With gloomineſs, or make thee loſs thy way,
His darkeſt Clouds are clearer than noon-day.
But if a Cloud ſhall chance to interpoſe,
And raiſe thy fears, for fear thy way thou loſe,
Then on the ſacred Compaſs let thine eye
Be fixt, and it will all again diſplay,
Then let thy Sails of hope again be ſpread,
Till thou win o'er thy diſcontenting dread:
If fleſh and blood would wiſh thee to return,
Show forth the danger how you both muſt burn
In endleſs wrath without remeed or eaſe,
Therefore beware ſtrive not thy fleſh to pleaſe,
But cruciſy whatever would gainſtand
Thy Proſperous Voyage to Emmanuels Land,
Fly from the monſters which are in the main,
Which would affright thee to return again.

O! Let thy heart and thy affection be
On thy dear Friend, who looks and longs for thee,

And

And ſhall thee with his Lovely Arms embrace,
And wipe the Tears & Sweat from thy blurr'd face;
And Crown thee with an everlaſting Crown,
And on a Throne of Glory ſet thee down.
Now Joy begins, and all our Griefs are gone,
When we'll enjoy Heavens matchleſs Paragon:
This will our Toil and Labour Recompence,
We'll have a Joy cannot be known by ſenſe.
Their Friends cannot deceive us, nor annoy
Our quiet reſt, nor break our ſolid Joy:
Their Sorrows ſhall not interrupt our reſt,
But ſhall in all we do, ſee, hear, be bleſt.
Our Gourd of Bliſs ſhall then for ever ſpring,
It's Loſs will then no diſcontentment bring,
But in its ſhade we ſhall for ever be
Refreſh'd, delighted to Eternitie:
Soon come that Day when we ſhall be poſſeſt,
Into this ſweet this happy Heavenly Reſt.

Soli DEO Gloria.

Lines made on a Chriſtmaſs Morning.

LEt *Zion's* Sons and Daughters all
Rejoice exceedingly,
All that was loſt by *Adam's* fall,
It is reſtor'd this Day:
Let Heaven and Earth, and all rejoice,
For this Days Bleſſed Birth:
Becauſe *Emmanuel* did choſe,
To come from Heaven to Earth,
That He the Captives might ſet free,
Who by their Sins were dead,
He did procure their Libertie,
And bruiſe the Serpents head.
Upon the *Earth* this Day he did
In humble form appear,

Tho' Him the Earthy Fools deride,
The Devils quake and fear:
And all the Sons of God did ſing,
High Praiſes to the Name
Of this bleſt Babe, and Heavenly King,
Now Born in *Bethlehem*.
The Angels did like ſwift wing'd fire
Fly and the Shepherds tell,
That of all Nations the Deſire
Is born, *Emmanuel*.
Therefore let all both great and ſmall,
Extoll this bleſſed Birth
With Heavenly Voice: let all rejoice,
And tremble with your Mirth.

A Wiſh.

O! That I could thy Lofty Name ſo praiſe,
As thou deſerves; if I my voice could raiſe
Above the Heavens, and the loud tongu'd thunder,
And ſtill proclaim thy works ſo full of wonder.
O! May my Soul for ever be in fire
Of Love to thee, and more and more deſire
To do thy will while I am here below;
And for this end, O Lord thy Grace beſtow.
My heart is hard, Lord break the rock of Flint,
And grant I may of all my Sins Repent.
Wo's me poor wretch, I've play'd the Prodigal,
I've run from thee, tho thou did often call
Me to return: Yet I thy voice Divine
Have ſlighted ſtill, and fed on Husks with Swine.
Grant now O Lord! I may return with ſpeed;
And Mercy beg according to my need:
From Thee, and Thee alone I Mercy crave,
Not as a Son, but as a wretched ſlave.

Since

Since in Thy Houſe is Bread enough to ſpare,
Out of Thy Mercy, let me have a ſhare:
A Crumb from Thy rich Table will ſupply
My fainting *Soul*, which ready is to die,
Thou freely gives, Lord I have nought can buy;
I plead for Mercy to my Miſery.
Thy Fountains full, thy Mercy knows no bounds,
Apply a Balſom to my Blooding Wounds.
O! *Save* my *Soul*, and do my Blooding ſtem,
And take the Praiſe and Glory to Thy Name.

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